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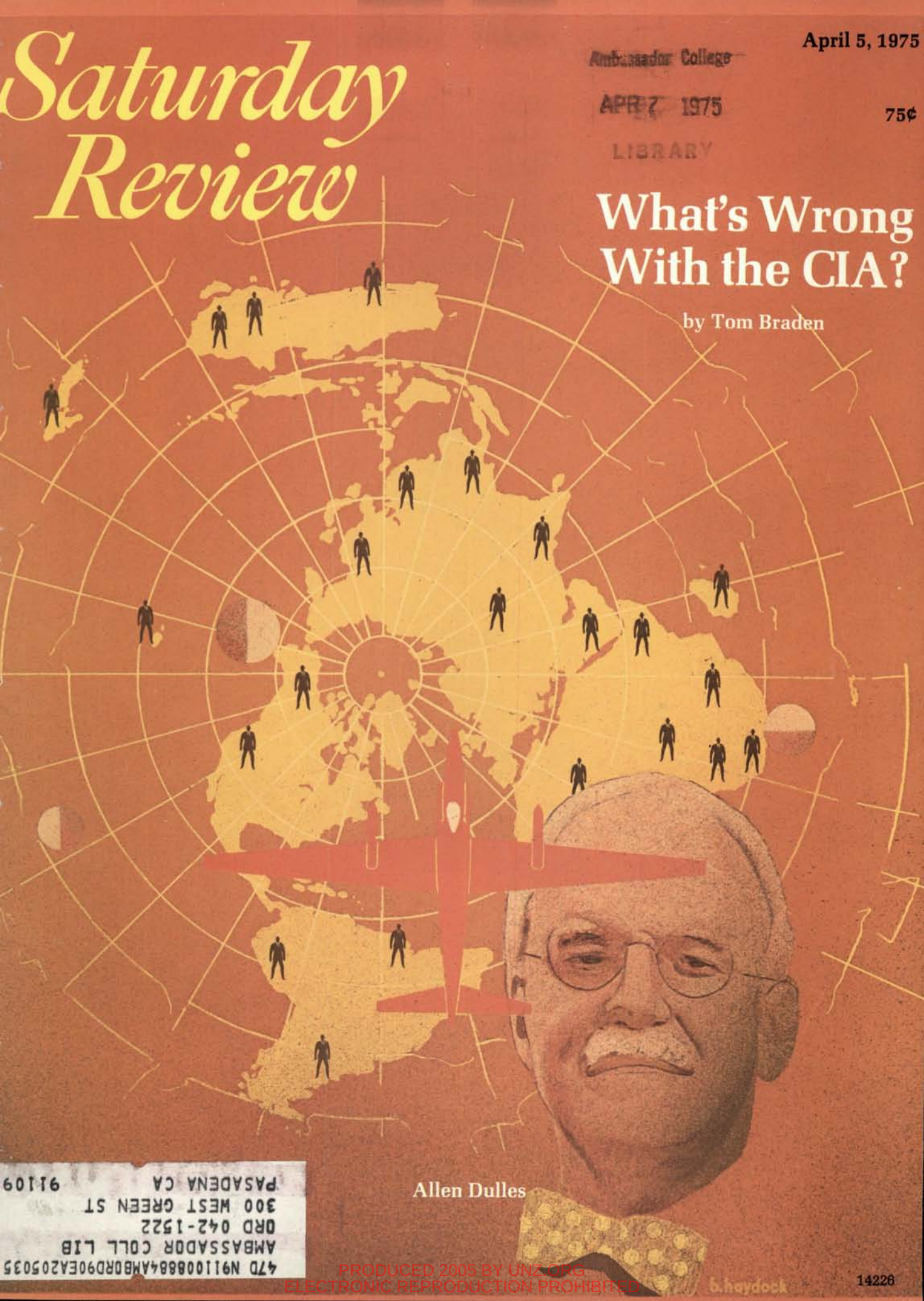
# Saturday Review

## What's Wrong With the CIA?

by Tom Braden



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The series will focus on such subjects as depression, guilt and anxiety—psychological states we all experience. It will examine what medicine knows about these states, what treatments are available, and how we might prevent someone from going over **The Thin Edge.**

Following each of these nationwide broadcasts, more than 125 stations will present their own local programs that focus on local conditions. In each community, mental health experts will answer questions phoned-in by viewers, including where to find help locally.

The goal of this campaign: to talk personally with at least 200,000 Americans who need help—and suggest to them how and where to find it.

**The Thin Edge** is the most intensive coordinated effort ever undertaken to help Americans improve their understanding of the nature and treatment of emotional problems—and to provide personal assistance to those who need it.

| | |
|---|---|
| March 31 | Depression: The Shadowed Valley |
| April 14 | Aggression: The Explosive Emotion |
| April 28 | Guilt: The Psychic Censor |
| May 12 | Anxiety: The Endless Crisis |
| May 26 | Sexuality: The Human Heritage |

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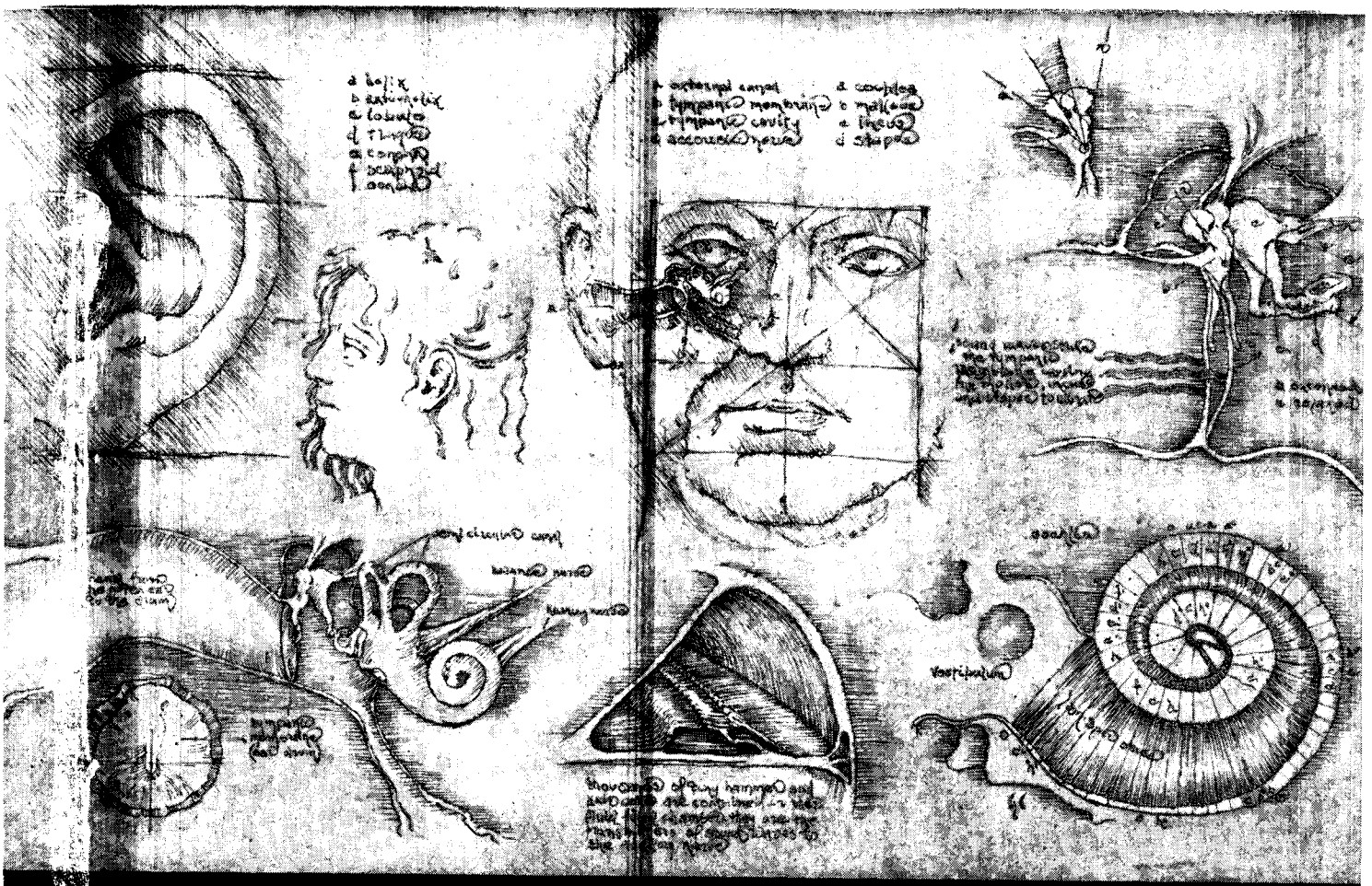

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# Visit With the Prime Minister

The home of the Prime Minister of India is probably the most modest official residence of any major nation in the world. It is also probably the least guarded Prime Minister's home of almost any state, large or small.

When Mrs. Gandhi came to office in 1966, the presumption was that she would move into the "Prime Minister's House," as it was known during the 17-year tenure of her father. Indira Gandhi, however, preferred to continue living in her own home, located in the residential section of New Delhi.

The invitation to come to lunch with the Prime Minister was as open and unostentatious as the house itself. "Would you be free to come to lunch tomorrow?" she asked. "You'd have to take pot luck."

The answer was yes, of course.

There was much I was eager to ask the Prime Minister. First, what were the prospects that India could cope with critical food shortages? Second, what were the facts behind India's policy on the Middle East? In particular, what was behind the recognition of the Palestine Liberation Organization? Third, did the Prime Minister see anything inconsistent between India's historic tradition of nonviolence and the manufacture of nuclear weapons? Fourth, was there any reason to be concerned about the physical safety of the Prime Minister? The newspapers were full of stories of increased extremist swirlings—both in politics and religion. A member of Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet—Railway Minister Lalit Narayan Mishra—had recently been assassinated. Mrs. Gandhi had very little protection; did she have any sense of personal danger?

Such at least were some of the questions I brought with me to lunch.

Her responses were full and candid.

ON THE MATTER OF combating the danger of widespread famine, Mrs. Gandhi was cautiously optimistic. She said that the situation was improving. Grain production has been increased by 26 million tons over last year, when floods and droughts combined to create famine conditions throughout a large part of the country. A year ago, the food deficit was estimated at 7.5 million tons. Today, that deficit has been reduced to 500,000 tons. India hopes to eliminate its deficit altogether through additional wheat purchases from the United States.

With respect to the general condition of the people, Mrs. Gandhi believes that India has made substantial progress in the past two years. Despite the economic squeeze resulting from the recent quadrupling of oil prices, she feels India is facing up to its problems within the margins of a free society. Barring repetition of last year's natural disasters, she feels India's food crops this year will be at a record high.

Mrs. Gandhi said that the big problem for India—as it is for all countries struggling to feed their peoples—is the high cost of fertilizer. Given adequate fertilizer and irrigation, India has the potentiality for becoming a food-exporting nation. (Daniel P. Moynihan, former U.S. Ambassador to India, has declared that under favorable conditions India could feed the world.)

Fertilizer, however, is tied to oil. It takes one ton of petroleum to make one ton of fertilizer. The quadrupling of the price of oil in the past year, therefore, has been as much a disaster for Indian agriculture as for its industry.

Just as the fertilizer problem is tied to the petroleum problem, so India's petroleum problem is tied to her policy on the Middle East. Mrs. Gandhi is aware that her recent recognition of the PLO has been severely criticized in the United States, but she feels she must deal with India's primary needs as she sees them. And India's access to oil right now is central to most of its problems. The Arab states have used their leverage on India to try to persuade Mrs. Gandhi to withdraw India's recognition of Israel and to shut down the Israeli Consulate in Bombay. It was Mrs. Gandhi's refusal on both these points that resulted in the charge by some Indian Moslems that she was partial to Israel.

India has 60 million Moslems. This is a quintessential fact in any assessment of Indian policy. The Moslem-Hindu riots of 1947 burned into the minds of all those alive at that time the fact that a high price has to be paid for a disunited India. Twelve million people became homeless during the communal rioting at that time. The country came close, very close, to foundering on the split between two great religious blocs. Only Jawaharlal Nehru's determination to transcend the differences between Moslems and Hindus ultimately brought the country together again. Indira Gandhi is no less resolute in pursuing a policy of unity.

The Moslems of India are caught up in the tide of Arab consciousness sweeping over Africa and Asia. In the Middle East conflict, they give their support to the Arabs. Mrs. Gandhi's recognition of the PLO was not an act against Israel so much as it was a response to an internal situation. Her respect for Jewry was demonstrated some months ago when she went to Cochin, in southwest India, in


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order to participate in ceremonies that marked the founding of India's oldest Jewish community. Moreover, she has no intention of withdrawing recognition of Israel. She is not insensitive to American criticism, and she regrets that her full position on these questions has not been adequately represented in the American press.

WHEN I ASKED Mrs. Gandhi whether the tradition of non-violence was inconsistent with India's new nuclear capability, I learned that I was wrong in thinking that India was making atomic bombs. She had sanctioned the test of a nuclear reactor but had decided against making nuclear weapons. There is a distinction between the capacity to make nuclear weapons and the act of making them. She regrets that this distinction is not clear in the minds of some people.

She is not unmindful of the increase of political and religious extremism that has resulted in the recent assassination of Lalit Mishra. The "RSS," the extreme right-wing Hindu organization that years ago helped to set the stage for the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, is once again spewing out its poisons; and the Prime Minister cannot discount its ability to affect the public mood.

I asked Mrs. Gandhi if she felt there is any threat to her personal safety and, if so, what measures she is taking in that connection. She said she saw no way to spin a cocoon around herself and, in any event, she was not going to try. As she spoke, I thought back to the attitude of her father on this question. He refused all efforts to have a full complement of guards around his home, and he insisted on mixing with crowds. During the savage street-fighting between Moslems and Hindus in 1947, he rushed out to Connaught Circle, where Hindu mobs were looting Moslem shops, threw himself into the melee, and succeeded in turning back the crowd. When, in 1949, I asked Jawaharlal Nehru about his seeming disregard for personal security, he said it was futile and perhaps even harmful to allow oneself to be preoccupied by fears. To his mind, fear was the great paralyzer. It seems obvious that his daughter has the same approach. This is not a matter of irresponsible bravado. It is a realization, I believe, that certain risks come with the job and that one has to avoid being consumed by personal apprehensions.

* * * *

WHEN MRS. GANDHI became Prime Minister in 1966, the big question in the minds of many students of Indian affairs was whether she would have the personal strength and staying power to cope with the swirling tensions and pressures generated by a nation of 500 million people, at least half of whom were hungry and despairing: a nation, moreover, teetering on the edge of political, cultural, and social fragmentation.

Indira Gandhi has had no shortage of detractors during her years in office. But no one has accused her of being indecisive or lacking in political courage and valor. She showed no hesitation in committing India's strength to Bangladesh in the war against Pakistan. Then, when victory approached, she unilaterally declared a halt to the fighting, despite the determination of the Indian military leaders to wrest additional advantages against Pakistan on the battlefield before agreeing to a cease-fire. As mentioned earlier, she agreed to allow India's scientists to proceed with a nuclear explosion, demonstrating India's capacity to take its place with the great powers, but she adamantly refused to allow India to make and stockpile nuclear bombs. She is dependent for her political position on broadly based popular support, but she acted swiftly and firmly against the trade unions recently in preventing a strike that in her view would have added seriously to the nation's inflationary ordeal.

She presides over a nation that is predominantly Hindu, but she has been openly sympathetic with, and at times partial to, India's religious minorities. This fact was one of the reasons for the division of the Congress Party—the same party that was the political arm of Mahatma Gandhi's struggle for independence and that was committed to the political objectives of Jawaharlal Nehru.

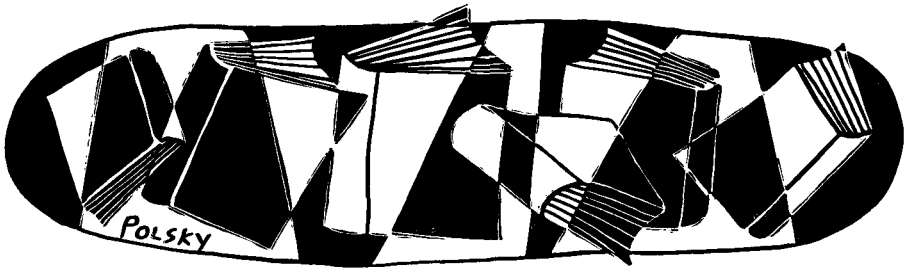
THE KEY to all her actions is fully visible. The one question she asks before making any major decisions is whether it will add to or detract from the ultimate unity of the nation. Such unity, to Mrs. Gandhi's mind, is her government's single greatest purpose. She will countenance no break with that purpose. She governs a nation with two mammoth religious forces and hundreds of sects and sub-sects; with 15 national languages and at least as many cultural groupings; with states or provinces containing breakaway or separatist forces. It is not easy to create and maintain unity out of all the conflicting elements, but this is the great obsession of her life. It was also, inevitably, the great motivating force during the last 17 years of her father's life.

Just as Jawaharlal Nehru inherited the mantle of Gandhi—a mantle whose symbolic power enabled him to hold India together under explosive conditions—so Indira Gandhi has indisputably inherited the mantle of Jawaharlal Nehru. That mantle has been, and will continue to be, through all of India's many ordeals, a rallying banner for the nation.

* * * *

HISTORY HAS had many remarkable duos, but it is doubtful whether there is anything in the twentieth century to compare with the father-daughter leadership of India. What is most striking of all about the relationship is that Indira Gandhi's education was carefully planned by her father. From the moment she began to read, Indira Gandhi was being prepared for a historic role in India.

Nehru saw to it that his daughter would have as her teacher Rabindranath Tagore, India's great worldly philosopher and poet. For his own part, Nehru contributed powerfully to Indira's education with a steady stream of letters, many of them written from prison. Without benefit of the kinds of reference works that are standard in any good university library, Nehru wrote what in effect was a history of civilization. His letters reflected his own insights into events and personalities. These letters were later published under the title *Glimpses of World History*. The book is





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one of the most remarkable literary achievements of the twentieth century.

There were, to be sure, many letters from father to daughter that were unconcerned with history or philosophy but that were nonetheless integral to Indira's education. A considerable number of these letters have been included in Volume 6 of the *Selected Works of Jawaharlal Nehru*, published recently as a project of the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Fund, under the imprint of Orient Longman of New Delhi.

"As I grow older and perhaps wiser," he wrote to his daughter on May 6, 1935, "I attach more and more importance to real education. . . . I think a proper intellectual training is essential to do any job efficiently. But far more important is the background of this training—the habits, ideals, ideas, objectives, the internal harmony, the capacity for cooperation, the strength to be true to what one considers to be right, the absence of fear. If one attains this internal freedom and fearlessness it is difficult for the world, harsh as it is, to suppress one. . . .

"Right education must be an all-round development of the human being, a harmonising of our internal conflicts and a capacity to cooperate with others. We are the mirror through which we see others and generally we shall find in others what we look for and expect. . . . If we cloud our mirror and make it murky and smoky how shall we see straight?"

Almost as though he had a sense of his daughter's future leadership role in India, he wrote in the same letter: "You cannot help carrying the burden of your family with you. . . . As it happens, your family has attained a great deal of prominence in the Indian world and this has its advantages and disadvantages for you. I am proud of my father and the example of his life has often inspired me and strengthened me. . . . If your feelings towards your father or mother also help you in that way, well and good. But your grandfather and father and mother, whatever their virtues, have many failings. . . . Do not imagine that the family or family tradition wants you to do this or that or to refrain from doing something else."

The education of Indira Gandhi is a powerful ingredient in her leadership of India. And in that education, "internal freedom and fearlessness," in Jawaharlal Nehru's words, are the most visible parts. N.C.

# NSLA

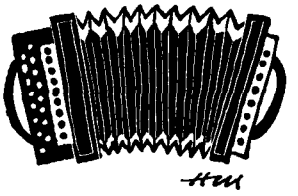
Six months ago in this space, we spoke of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, which the editors were instrumental in forming. We said we believed it might be useful to make the magazine part of such a society in much the same way that the *National Geographic Magazine* is integral to the National Geographic Society. We felt the long-term future of the magazine would be served by such an affiliation, since it would make us part of an organization with a clearly defined purpose and with the means to advance its aims in an effective manner.

The need for such an organization seems to us clear enough. The arts in America suffer from an absence of connections. There is an inadequate connection between the desire of the American people to participate in cultural experiences of high quality and the unused talents of thousands of artists, writers, and performers who are forced to live far under their professional capacities. Also, though there is increasing emphasis on community life, support for the performing arts on the community level has been shrinking. If dollars have to be cut from school budgets, the first casualty is the art department or the music department—unless, of course, the music department is tied in with the half-time show at football games, in which case the budget may be safe. Meanwhile, the widespread interest in the arts has no parallel in regular coverage of the arts in newspapers, magazines, and broadcasting. More people went to concerts and art shows last year than to baseball games, but the amount of newsprint and TV time given to sports is five or six times that accorded the cultural front.

The editors aim to prove through the NSLA that a powerful constituency exists for the arts in the United States. Such a constituency can give the arts the same importance in the Congress, in the state legislatures, and throughout government in general as is enjoyed by other clearly identifiable interest groups in the society. Indeed, the editors have already spoken to key members of the Senate about a bill to create a place in the Cabinet for a Secretary of Arts and the Humanities. The response has been most favorable, and a bill is in progress. We will report further on this as matters develop.

By "the arts" we are referring not just to painters or poets but to all those who are part of the cultural arena—writers, historians, biographers, librarians, sculptors, museum professionals, musicians and musicologists, dancers, film writers and directors, actors, teachers. If ever all these groups can stand on common ground in behalf of their common needs, the cultural sector in American life can hold its own against assault by those who would degenerate it or bypass it or shortchange it.

The Society will not seek tax exemption, although it will be non-profit. The officers of the Society feel that it is more important to be able to work for legislation in the national cultural interest, which rules out any eligibility for deductions.



We are especially pleased that *SR*'s affiliation with the Society immediately entitles *SR* subscribers to all the benefits of membership without additional cost. These benefits include the advantages of membership in an organization with pooled buying power, eligibility for special cultural tours in this country and abroad, and club facilities in New York City. Other benefits to subscriber-members are being explored. There will be the opportunities for participating in conferences, seminars, and workshops. Details of these programs will be announced in the magazine from time to time. Identifying cards will be sent to subscribers in due course. Meanwhile, a regular newsletter about the arts and the affairs of the Society will appear in each issue of *SR* (see page 29).

The Society's board of governors includes Agnes de Mille, R. Buckminster Fuller, Walter Kerr, James Michener, Leontyne Price, Richard Rodgers, Roger L. Stevens, Harold Taylor, Andrew Wyeth, N.C., and Roland Gelatt, a longtime associate who has returned from his post in London as *SR*'s international editor in order to coordinate the activities of the magazine with those of the Society. What gives us an immediate sense of excitement about NSLA is the fact that with more than 500,000 member-subscribers at the outset, the Society begins its life as a potent force in the cultural life of the nation. □



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# Letters From Readers

**A Pedagogue's Criticism**

I can only assume that John Ciardi's blast at the mis-teaching of poetry in high schools (*Manner of Speaking*, February 8) was stimulated by at least something like a real letter. I only hope that if indeed "Jane Doe" represents someone real, Mr. Ciardi had the good sense to draft a more humane reply to her personally. . . .

Whatever Mr. Ciardi may think of the way high-school teachers teach poetry . . . his reply suggests the kind of snobbery that has been turning students off and away from poetry for a long time. He missed the opportunity to do some real teaching. He could have written a column that I could have read to my students to show them that here was a living, breathing poet who really does care about whether or not they understand his poetry. Instead his reply has the very sarcasm that any beginning teacher knows is unforgivable in responding to a student's question. . . .

I have learned that you don't put kids down for their questions no matter how simpleminded they may seem. You build on those questions in the hope that you don't alienate kids forever from reading or thinking about another poem.

Bob Pulkka
Longview, Wash.

**Hope in a New Awareness**

In connection with your excellent series of articles "Mind and Supermind" (February 22), I would like to raise the following question.

Is it not possible that a good part of our thinking, feeling, and attitudes may have been determined at a very early stage of evolution by one simple but all-pervasive fact: the earth's rotation? This may have influenced the development of the human brain in a very fundamental fashion, since it was one of the basic "facts" or "data" of our environment. It may be a possible explanation of the reason why humans think so much in terms of black and white, good and bad, life and death, positive and negative, happiness and sorrow, optimism and pessimism, peace and war, for and against, and so on. It seems that the whole human being can be switched from one side to the other and that optimism, happiness, confidence, peace, and their opposite states can be turned on and off at will by some central command of the brain which may still operate under the early impact of the night-and-day contrast. Such switch actions in an innermost part of our being can be observed on innumerable occasions during our daily lives. Regarding social groups and nations, the problem is more complicated but no less true. Perhaps a better understanding of this phenomenon and a determined effort by man, individually and collectively, to promote always the positive or the "sunny side" of life could be the key to our future evolution.

Robert Muller
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

The special section "Mind and Supermind" deserves some congratulations and recognition. It is good that a journal which has long been associated with especially intellectual and highly rational endeavors should deal so seriously with those non-rational aspects of consciousness which may very well be, as some of your contributing writers suggest, the salvation of humanity.

The belief that we humans can evolve to higher levels of awareness is a greatly optimistic and joyful one, especially in this computerized and secularized age. Implicit, of course, in the entire set of articles is the idea that human happiness must be redefined: Different values must evolve and are indeed to be desired. . . .

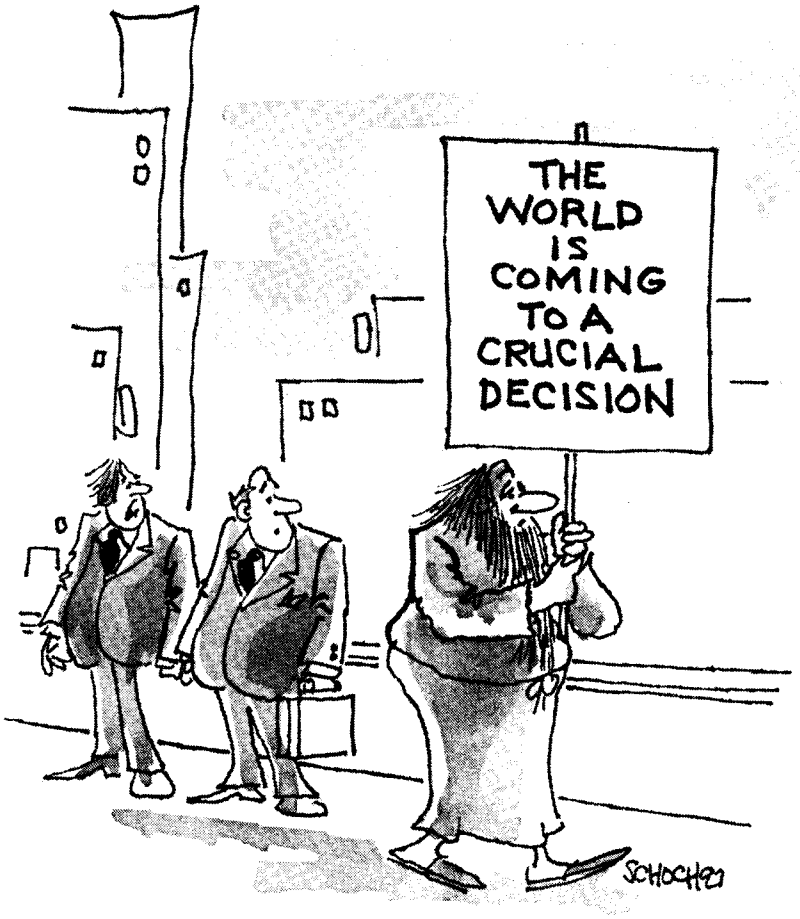
Daniel Domoff
Flushing, N.Y.

Somehow these two items were dropped from my directory of organizations ("Consciousness Research—What and Where"). I'd like to bring them to your readers' attention.

American Metapsychiatric Association: 2121 North Bayshore Road, Miami, Fla. 33137. Concerned with the relation between psychiatry and mystic and psychic experiences.

Johnston College: Program for Transpersonal Education, University of Redlands, Redlands, Calif. 92373. Offers an undergraduate program in transpersonal psychology.

John White
Cheshire, Conn.



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# World Progress Report

### Consumer Combustion

As crowded and complicated as modern automobiles have become under the hood, changing the spark plugs has always remained a simple chore that a motorist could do for himself or even herself. By this simple exercise in self-sufficiency, even the most mechanically inept car-owner could affirm his competence as a citizen of the automotive age, avoid an unnecessary mechanic's bill in the bargain, and get a better ride for less money, too.

At last, however, General Motors has eliminated this anomalous cause for consumer satisfaction. In one of its new Chevrolet models, GM has cleverly concealed one of the spark plugs behind another piece of equipment, so that it is impossible to remove it without loosening the entire engine from its mount and raising it with a hydraulic lift.

### Money to Burn

The economic distress caused by the rush of the world's wealth to the oil-producing countries has been compounded by the spectacle of profligate waste. Even as the oil flows, irreplaceable natural gas —the raw material for a host of goods, including fertilizer—is routinely burned at the wellhead as a useless by-product. While crop yields in starving countries are stunted for lack of nitrogen fertilizer, "enough gas to make all the fertilizer the world needs is being flared off," accuses plant breeder Norman Borlaug, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize for pioneering the Green Revolution.

Last February, however, Abdulhady Taher, head of Petromin, Saudi Arabia's petroleum development corporation, gave reason to hope that the waste would soon end. As part of its new five-year economic plan, the oil-rich country is ordering two large fertilizer plants. To be built by Shell Oil Company, the American arm of the Royal Dutch Shell Group, the plants will get their raw material from a $5 billion system that will collect gas from wells both onshore and in the Persian Gulf. The system will ultimately make use of the more than 3 billion cubic feet of gas now being flared off every day in this one country alone.

The emphasis of the five-year plan on domestic development marks a change in investment philosophy for Saudi Arabia. The new policy, instead of funneling the country's new wealth through foreign banks back into the economies of the more developed countries, promotes investment in industry at home.

### The Greening of Paris

Under the late President Pompidou's motto—"Paris is not a museum!"—concrete flowed as freely as champagne in the ever-effervescent French capital, hardening into highways and high-rise buildings that altered the cityscape forever. Pompidou's successor, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, seems determined to soften the trend, if not to reverse it, in a series of recent policy decisions that favor green growing things over cars and concrete.

The site of Les Halles—the antiquated central food market whose demolition was a landmark defeat for Paris preservationists—was destined to become an international commercial center until Giscard d'Estaing decreed a park instead. In another decision to keep downtown Paris looking different from Los Angeles, the President nixed a long-planned expressway along the fabled, romantic Left Bank of the Seine.

Further afield, he announced plans to establish a green belt around the rapidly expanding perimeter of the city. The plains of Île-de-France and Versailles are among the threatened areas to be kept green for the future benefit of Parisians, whom the President is reported to have described as "arborphobes." President Giscard d'Estaing, the report states, regards the preservation of "green spaces" as a matter of "fundamental importance."

*"It's a gentleman from the library; he says you have 728 overdue books."*

### Fair Game

A decade ago the state of New Mexico, with public funds, imported seven Kenyan gemsbok and three Iranian ibex in an "exotic animal" program to see whether the African and Asian species could find niches in the southwestern ecosystem. The original immigrants were painstakingly raised in the Albuquerque zoo under strict U.S. quarantine regulations forbidding the release of alien species.

In captivity the animals increased through several generations. Finally, some 100 gemsbok and 75 ibex were reacclimated to the wild in a preserve similar to their ancestral habitat, and then released to fend for themselves in the severe environment of southern New Mexico.

Recently, at a public drawing, the state selected nine sportsmen from more than 400 applicants from eight states. Five of the hunters were turned loose to pursue the gemsbok over the flat expanses of the White Sands Missile Range, while the other four hunted ibex in the Florida Mountains near Deming. Rifles and shotguns were prescribed.

ANTHONY WOLFF


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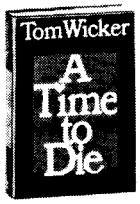


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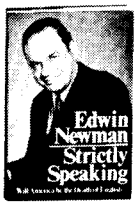


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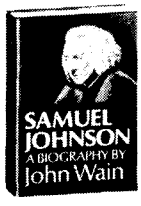


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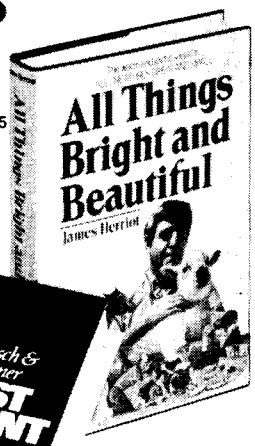


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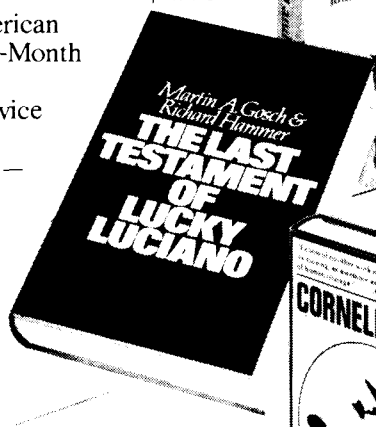


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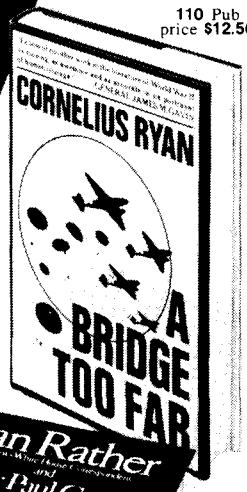


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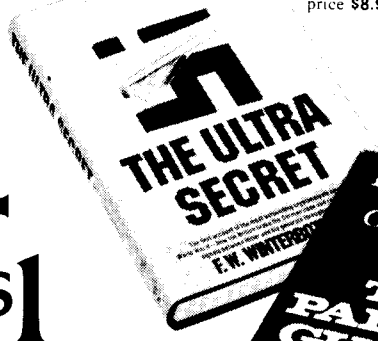

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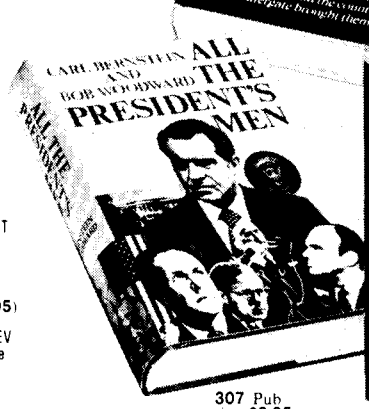


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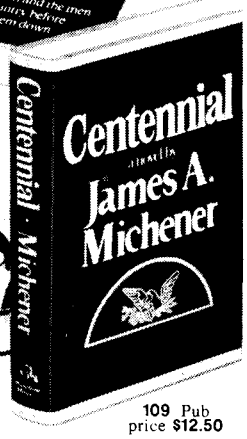


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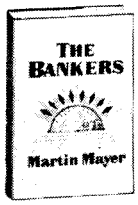


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# The Rise of Police Logic

by Stephen Arons

The last five years have seen a decline of civil liberties in the American consciousness. During the same period the majority of the Supreme Court has shifted to the Right. Taken together, these two developments seriously weaken constitutional protections against the arbitrary exercise of police power. In the term that ended last July, the Court—in three decisions largely unnoticed by the public—sharply restricted personal privacy and, in the process, expanded law-enforcement powers of search and seizure. It turned over to the police decisions that have traditionally been made by the courts and adopted what might be called police logic—a form of thinking which holds that crime detection is society's ultimate value and overriding priority.

The police did not invent police logic, nor are they the only ones who think in this way. It has crept into the patterns of thought of all of us, from the average citizen apprehensive about being mugged to the legislators who approve preventive detention or no-knock search laws. In fact, the retreat of libertarian thinking at the hands of police logic is so widespread that not long ago it was found in a series of opinion polls that if the Bill of Rights were up for adoption today, a majority of Americans would vote it down.

The rise of police logic means that the justifiable American anxiety regarding violent crime has been transformed into support for police practices contradicting the Constitution and holding only the remotest possibility for reducing crimes and the national insecurity. The recent Supreme Court search-and-seizure cases demonstrate how entrenched police logic has become. In the very sensitive job of steering a course between institutional police interests and the elimination of crime on one side, and the preservation of the privacy of ordinary citizens on the other, the Court has committed a fundamental error. It has turned the tiller over to the police.

*Stephen Arons, an attorney, teaches in the Legal Studies Program at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.*

*"It's been great for my cost of living. I've saved on haircuts, shirts, ties, jackets, trousers . . ."*

Decisions on the back-to-back cases of *U.S.* v. *Robinson* and *Gustafson* v. *Florida* were handed down on December 11, 1973. In each case the defendant was stopped while driving a car, arrested for driving without a license, and convicted of possession of drugs. The drugs had been turned up in warrantless searches of the defendants at the time of their arrests, before they were taken to the police station. James Gustafson, for example, was returning to his college dormitory with a friend when a city policeman stopped the car to "check it out" after he had observed the left wheels cross into another traffic lane. Asked for his license, Gustafson replied that he had left it in his dormitory room. The officer then arrested him and searched him thoroughly. The officer removed from Gustafson's pocket a cigarette package, which contained three marijuana cigarettes. Gustafson was found guilty of the possession of marijuana. A similar search in *Robinson* —in which the police officer testified, "I didn't think about what I was looking for; I just searched him"—disclosed 14 capsules of heroin.

These are not the only times, of course, when the Supreme Court has approved a search without a warrant incident to an arrest. In previous cases, however, the Court had created an exception to the Fourth Amendment requirement of getting a search warrant only when an *emergency* situation was involved. In the 1969 case of *Chimel* v. *California*, for example, the Court declared that at the time of arrest, a policeman might make a warrantless search of the person and the general area in which he was found, either to seize evidence which might otherwise be destroyed by the defendant or to search for weapons in order to protect the arresting officer and prevent escape. The scope of the search was to be limited by what was *necessary* under the circumstances. In the *Robinson* and *Gustafson* decisions, such questions about the reasons for the search were not taken into account. The Court simply found, as a blanket rule, that whenever a policeman makes an arrest with the intent of taking the suspect into custody, the policeman may conduct a full search of the person arrested. Although those holding the majority opinion discussed the problem of the officer's safety in a custodial arrest, their decision does not make such inquiries relevant to the question of the legality of the search. In fact, Frank Carrington, executive director of AELE (Ameri-



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cans for Effective Law Enforcement, a law-and-order organization that submitted briefs in favor of the police position in these cases), described the decision as "sweeping" and the police safety argument in the opinion as a superfluous, "make-weight issue."

THE COURT'S SANCTION of full search in custodial arrest surprised even Assistant Solicitor Gen. Allan Tuttle, who argued the police case before the Court in *Robinson*. He was prepared to urge a narrow ruling that would have approved the search of Robinson as necessary and "reasonable" under the circumstances, but he found a majority that wanted to go beyond that to expand police prerogatives. Obviously, judicial activism did not disappear with the Warren Court; it just changed political ideology.

From some points of view, it cannot be denied that catching Robinson and Gustafson was good work done in a difficult world. After all, both defendants were in possession of illegal substances. By the same logic, however, it would also be reasonable police activity to conduct periodic house searches, to administer truth serums to suspects, and to tap the phones of all citizens, because such activities undoubtedly would uncover evidence of crimes or criminal planning. But these are not the rules by which the Constitution intended that police work be done. No matter how sympathetic to the difficulties of policemen's work one is, the logic of crime detection remains limitless in its ability to destroy privacy and civil liberties. In the oral argument before the Court in *Gustafson*, police logic crept in during the following exchange between Justice Thurgood Marshall and Deputy Attorney Gen. Barry Richard of Florida:

*Justice Marshall:* "If a policeman says I spit on the sidewalk, he can walk up to me, arrest me, and search me?"

*Mr. Richard:* "If it were lawful to arrest for spitting . . . and if the officer does arrest the person . . . I would think it would be perfectly reasonable."

*Justice Marshall:* "Well, what protection do I have?"

*Mr. Richard:* "You need not spit on the sidewalk, for one thing, your Honor."

No matter that Justice Marshall retorted that he said he was *arrested* for spitting, not that he had actually spit on the sidewalk. The state attorney still appealed to the inquisitorial notion of purity: If you haven't done anything wrong, you have nothing to fear from a police search.

**"Not long ago it was found in a series of opinion polls that if the Bill of Rights were up for adoption today, a majority of Americans would vote it down."**

It is precisely against this sort of logic that the Fourth Amendment's requirement of gaining a warrant for a search is directed. And even the exceptions to the warrant requirement established before *Robinson* and *Gustafson* insist that justification for the search must appear "reasonable" *before* the search, not after. Yet the Court has now abandoned the inquiry into reasonableness, claiming that all the reason needed can be found in the fact of the custodial arrest, even, in some states, for so trivial a matter as driving with a broken taillight.

THE OUTCOME OF THESE RULINGS is the creation of a category of 93 million motorists—and additional millions of pedestrians—whose right of privacy will now depend on police discretion rather than on court discretion. Inevitably, those who will feel the greatest impact of this judicial recklessness are minority-group members and persons holding unpopular beliefs. In a study conducted at California State College in 1970, F. K. Heussenstamm sent a group of careful drivers out on the Los Angeles Freeway, each driving a carefully inspected car. Each car had a Day Glo orange-and-black Black Panther bumper sticker. The result was that drivers who had no previous citations received 33 traffic citations in 17 days for such things as "incorrect lane change," "driving too slowly," and "driving erratically." Heussenstamm concluded that it was "statistically unlikely that this number of previously 'safe' drivers could amass such a collection of tickets without assuming real bias by police against drivers with Black Panther bumper stickers."

At the heart of police logic, as exemplified by the *Robinson* and *Gustafson* decisions, is the desire to eliminate the exclusionary rule—a Fourth Amendment principle which states that courts shall not allow the use of evidence illegally procured. Had the court found that the searches in *Gustafson* and *Robinson* violated the right of privacy of the defendants, it is this principle which would have commanded that the evidence of drug possession be suppressed at trial. The long history of the exclusionary rule is based upon two beliefs: Excluding illegally seized evidence will act as the best available deterrent to illegal police conduct, and the integrity of the judicial system would be weakened by reliance on evidence seized in violation of the Constitution. The rule mystifies the public, because by releasing defendants it forces us to confront the fact that the civil liberties of ordinary citizens are most often upheld in situations where they seem to benefit "criminals." Obviously, it galls the prosecutor and the police because it thwarts the achievement of police goals.

Frank Carrington of AELE has called the exclusionary rule an "excrescence on the criminal justice system." The issue of abolishing it is at the center of a storm of controversy. Fourteen years ago, in *Mapp* v. *Ohio*, the Supreme Court concluded that years of judicial experience had proved the rule the most reliable way of deterring official lawlessness. Chief Justice Burger has now made clear that he is prepared to abolish the rule in favor of civil suits against the police; a healthy bite has already been taken out of it by the Nixon appointees in another major decision of this past Supreme Court term, *U.S.* v. *Calandra*.

On December 11, 1970, federal agents obtained a warrant to search the machine-and-tool company that John Calandra owned in Cleveland. The warrant followed the requirement of the Fourth Amendment in specifying the things to be seized: bookmaking records and betting paraphernalia. None was found. But in their three-hour search of Calandra's office and files, the agents found evidence relating to loansharking activities. The evidence became the basis of grand-jury questioning of Calandra, in which he refused to answer, claiming that the questions were based on illegally seized evidence which ought to have been suppressed. Both the federal District Court and the Court of Appeals found that the search was illegal in that the warrant itself was issued without legal justification and that the seizure of loansharking evidence would have exceeded the scope of the warrant even if it had been legally issued.

With the search clearly illegal from its inception, the question for the courts was

*(Continued on page 51.)*



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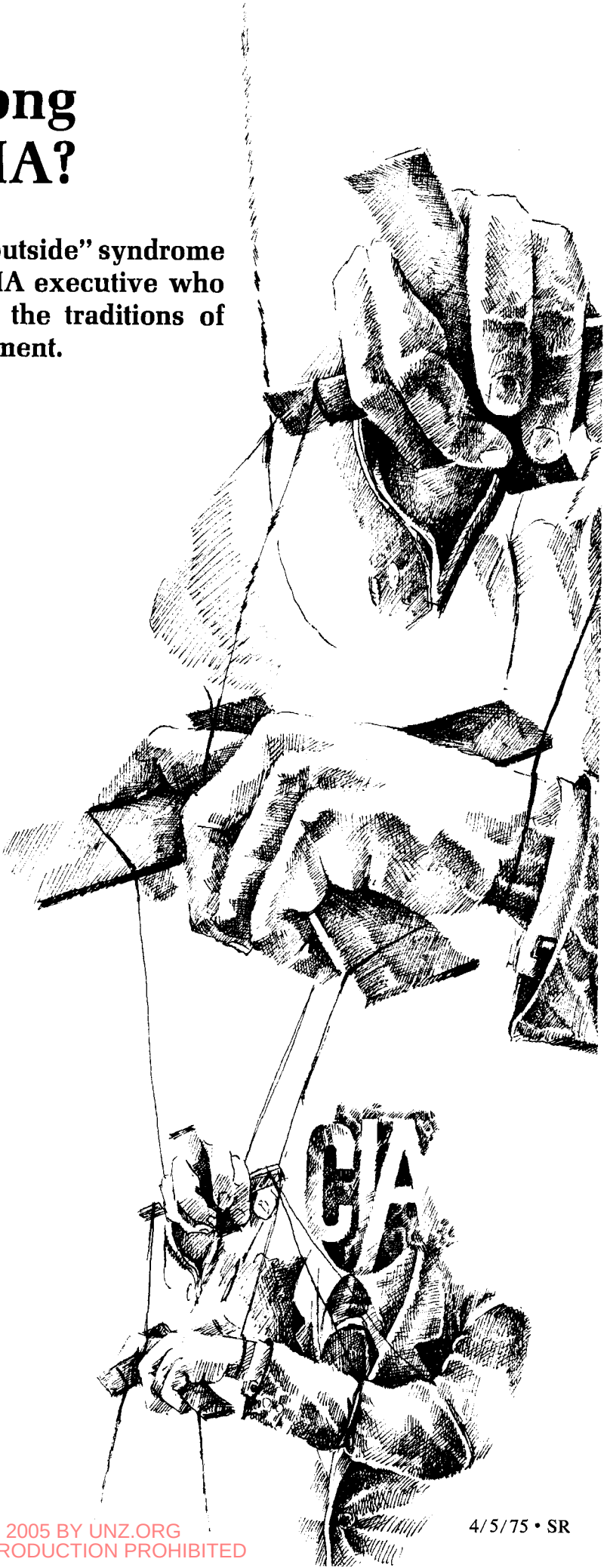
# What's Wrong With the CIA?

**Power, arrogance, and the "inside-outside" syndrome are what's wrong, says a former CIA executive who is worried about the challenge to the traditions of representative government.**

by Tom Braden




*Washington, D.C.*

We are gathered, four of us CIA division chiefs and deputies, in the office of our agency's director, an urbane and charming man. He is seated at his desk, puffing nervously on his pipe and asking us questions.

Allen W. Dulles is fretting on this morning in the early Fifties, as, indeed, he has fretted most mornings. You can't be in the middle of building an enormous spy house, running agents into Russia and elsewhere, worrying about Joseph McCarthy, planning to overthrow a government in Guatemala, and helping to elect another in Italy, without fretting.

But on this particular morning, Dulles is due for an appearance before Sen. Richard B. Russell's Armed Services Committee, and the question he is pondering as he puffs on his pipe is whether to tell the senators what is making him fret. He has just spent a lot of money on buying an intelligence network, and the network has turned out to be worthless. In fact, it's a little worse than worthless. All that money, Dulles now suspects, went to the KGB.

Therefore, the questions are somber, and so are the answers. At last, Dulles rises. "Well," he says, "I guess I'll have to fudge the truth a little."

His eyes twinkle at the word *fudge*, then suddenly turn serious. He twists his slightly stooped shoulders into the old tweed topcoat and heads for the door. But he turns back. "I'll tell the truth to Dick [Russell]," he says. "I always do." Then the twinkle returns, and he adds, with a chuckle, "That is, if Dick wants to know."

THE REASON I RECALL the above scene in detail is that lately I have been asking myself what's wrong with the CIA. Two



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Joseph Scrofani

committees of Congress and one from the executive branch are asking the question, too. But they are asking out of a concern for national policy. I am asking for a different reason. I once worked for the CIA. I regard the time I spent there as worthwhile duty. I look back upon the men with whom I worked as able and honorable. So for me, the question "What's wrong with the CIA?" is both personal and poignant.

Old friends of mine have been caught in evasions or worse. People I worked with have violated the law. Men whose ability I respected have planned operations that ended in embarrassment or disaster. What's wrong with these people? What's wrong with the CIA?

Ask yourself a question often enough, and sometimes the mind will respond with a memory. The memory my mind reported back is that scene in Allen Dulles's office. It seemed, at first blush, a commonplace, inconsequential episode. But the more it fixed itself in my mind, the more it seemed to me that it helped to answer my question about what's wrong with the agency. Let me explain.

The first thing this scene reveals is the sheer power that Dulles and his agency had. Only a man with extraordinary power could make a mistake involving a great many of the taxpayers' dollars and not have to explain it. Allen Dulles had extraordinary power.

Power flowed to him and, through him, to the CIA, partly because his brother was Secretary of State, partly because his reputation as the master spy of World War II hung over him like a mysterious halo, partly because his senior partnership in the prestigious New York law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell impressed the small-town lawyers of Congress.

Moreover, events helped keep power flowing. The country was fighting a shooting war in Korea and a Cold War in Western Europe, and the CIA was sole authority on the plans and potential of the real enemy. To argue against the CIA was to argue against knowledge. Only Joseph McCarthy would run such a risk.

Indeed, McCarthy unwittingly added to the power of the CIA. He attacked the agency and when, in the showdown, Dulles won, his victory vastly increased the respectability of what people then

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UPI

*Former CIA Director Allen Dulles—A simple matter of fudging the truth.*

called "the cause" of anti-communism. "Don't join the book burners," Eisenhower had said. That was the bad way to fight communism. The good way was the CIA.

POWER WAS THE FIRST THING that went wrong with the CIA. There was too much of it, and it was too easy to bring to bear—on the State Department, on other government agencies, on the patriotic businessmen of New York, and on the foundations whose directorships they occupied. The agency's power overwhelmed the Congress, the press, and therefore the people.

I'm not saying that this power didn't help to win the Cold War, and I believe the Cold War was a good war to win. But the power enabled the CIA to continue Cold War operations 10 and 15 years after the Cold War was won. Under Allen Dulles the power was unquestioned, and after he left, the habit of not questioning remained.

I remember the time I walked over to the State Department to get formal approval for some CIA project involving a few hundred thousand dollars and a publication in Europe. The desk man at the State Department balked. Imagine. He balked—and at an operation designed to combat what I knew for certain was a similar Soviet operation. I was astonished. But I didn't argue. I knew what would happen. I would report to the director, who would get his brother on the phone: "Foster, one of your people seems to be a little less than cooperative." That is power.

THE SECOND THING that's wrong with the CIA is arrogance, and the scene I've mentioned above shows that, too. Allen Dulles's private joke about "fudging" was arrogant, and so was the suggestion that "Dick" might not *want* to know. An organization that does not have to answer for mistakes is certain to become arrogant.

It is not a cardinal sin, this fault, and sometimes it squints toward virtue. It might be argued, for example, that only arrogant men would insist on building the U-2 spy plane within a time frame which military experts said could not be met. Yet in the days before satellite surveillance, the U-2 spy plane was the most useful means of keeping the peace. It assured this country's leaders that Russia was not planning an attack. But if arrogance built the plane quickly, it also destroyed it. For surely it was arrogant to keep it flying through Soviet airspace after it was suspected that the Russians were literally zeroing in on overflying U-2s.

I wonder whether the arrogance of the CIA may not have been battlefield-related—a holdover from World War II machismo and derring-do. The leaders of the agency were, almost to a man, veterans of OSS, the CIA's wartime predecessor. Take, for example, the men whose faces I now recall, standing there in the director's office.

One had run a spy-and-operations network into Germany from German-occupied territory. Another had volunteered to parachute into Field Marshall Kesselring's headquarters grounds with terms for his surrender. A third had crash-landed in Norway and, having lost half his men, came up, nevertheless, blowing up bridges.

OSS men who became CIA men were unusual people who had volunteered to carry out unusual orders and to take unusual risks. Moreover, they were impressed, more than most soldiers can be impressed, with the absolute necessity for secrecy and the certain penalty that awaited the breach of it.

But they had another quality that set them apart. For some reason that psychologists could perhaps explain, a man who volunteers to go on an extremely dangerous mission, alone or with one or two helpers, is likely to be not only brave and resourceful but also somewhat vain. Relatively few men *volunteered* to jump into German or Japanese territory during World War II. Those who did volunteer were conscious that they were, in a word, "different."

Once these men had landed behind the lines, the difference took on outward symbols. They were alone, Americans in a country full of French or Greeks or Italians or Chinese. Often they were treated with great respect. Sometimes, as mere lieutenants, they commanded thousands of men. At a word from them, American or British planes came over to drop supplies to these men. They earned the love and respect that conquered people felt for the great democracy called America. Inevitably, they began to think of themselves individually and collectively as representing the national honor.

Is it not possible that men who have learned to do everything in secrecy, who are accustomed to strange assignments, and who think of themselves as embodying their country, are peculiarly suscepti-



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ble to imperial Presidencies such as those of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon? Have they not in fact trained themselves to behave as a power elite?

TO POWER AND TO ARROGANCE add the mystique of the inside-outside syndrome. That scene in the director's office defines the problem. Dulles was leveling with his assistants, and they were leveling with him. An agent or a station chief or an official of the CIA who didn't level—who departed in the slightest degree from a faithful account of what he knew or what he had done—was a danger to operations and to lives. Such a man couldn't last a day in the CIA.

But truth was reserved for the inside. To the outsider, CIA men learned to lie, to lie consciously and deliberately without the slightest twinge of the guilt that most men feel when they tell a deliberate lie.

The inside-outside syndrome is unavoidable in a secret intelligence agency. You bring a group of people together, bind them with an oath, test their loyalty periodically with machines, spy on them to make sure they're not meeting secretly with someone from the Czech Embassy, cushion them from the rest of the world with a false cover story, teach them to lie because lying is in the national interest, and they do not behave like other men.

They do not come home from work and answer truthfully the question, "What did you do today, darling?" When they chat with their neighbors, they lie about their jobs. In their compartmentalized, need-to-know jobs, it is perfectly excusable for one CIA man to lie to another if the other doesn't need to know.

Thus it was ritual for Allen Dulles to "fudge," and often he didn't have to. Senator Russell might say, "The chairman has conferred with the director about this question, which touches a very sensitive matter." The question would be withdrawn.

Another technique for dealing with an outsider was the truthful non-response. Consider the following exchange between Sen. Claiborne Pell (Dem., R.I.) and Richard Helms. (The exchange was concerned with spying on Americans, an illegal act under the terms of the law that created the CIA.)

*Senator Pell* (referring to spying on anti-war demonstrations): "But these all occurred within the continental shores of the United States and for that reason you had the justifiable reason to decline [to] move in there because the events were outside your ambit."

*Mr. Helms:* "Absolutely, and I have never been lacking in clarity in my mind since I have been director, that this is simply not acceptable not only to Congress but to the people of the United States."

No doubt that answer was truthful. No doubt Helms did think that domestic spying was not acceptable. But he was doing it, and he didn't say he wasn't.

Finally, of course, there is the direct lie. Here is another excerpt from 1973 testimony by Helms:

*Senator Symington* (Dem., Mo.): "Did you try, in the Central Intelligence Agency, to overthrow the government of Chile?"

*Helms:* "No, Sir."

*Symington:* "Did you have any money passed to the opponents of Allende?"

*Helms:* "No, Sir."

Helms was under oath. Therefore, he must have considered his answer carefully. Obviously, he came to the insider's conclusion: that his duty to protect the inside outweighed his outsider's oath. Or to put it another way, the law of the inside comes first.

ALLEN DULLES once remarked that if necessary, he would lie to anybody about the CIA except the President. "I never had the slightest qualms about lying to an outsider," a CIA veteran remarked recently. "Why does an outsider need to know?"

So much for the lessons of memory. Power, arrogance, and the inside-outside syndrome are what's wrong with the CIA, and to some extent, the faults are occupational and even necessary tools for the job.

But the events of the Cold War and the coincidence of Allen Dulles's having such enormous discretionary powers enlarged occupational risks until they became faults, and the faults created a monstrosity. Power built a vast bureaucracy and a ridiculous monument in Langley, Va. Arrogance fostered the belief that a few hundred exiles could land on a beach and hold off Castro's army.

The inside-outside syndrome withheld the truth from Adlai Stevenson so that he was forced to make a spectacle of himself on the floor of the United Nations by denying that the United States had anything to do with the invasion of Cuba. The same syndrome has made a sad and worried man of Richard Helms.

It's a shame what happened to the CIA. It could have consisted of a few hundred scholars to analyze intelligence, a few hundred spies in key positions, and a few hundred operators ready to carry out rare tasks of derring-do.

**"Various committees now investigating the agency will doubtless find error. They will recommend change; they will reshuffle. But they will leave the monster intact."**

Instead, it became a gargantuan monster, owning property all over the world, running airplanes and newspapers and radio stations and banks and armies and navies, offering temptation to successive Secretaries of State, and giving at least one President a brilliant idea: Since the machinery for deceit existed, why not use it?

Richard Helms should have said no to Richard Nixon. But as a victim of the inside-outside syndrome, Helms could only ask Watergate's most plaintive question: "Who would have thought that it would someday be judged a crime to carry out the orders of the President of the United States?"

A shame—and a peculiarly American shame. For this is the only country in the world which doesn't recognize the fact that some things are better if they are small.

We'll need intelligence in the future. And once in a while, once in a great while, we may need covert action, too. But, at the moment, we have nothing. The revelations of Watergate and the investigations that have followed have done their work. The CIA's power is gone. Its arrogance has turned to fear. The inside-outside syndrome has been broken. Former agents write books naming other agents. Director William Colby goes to the Justice Department with evidence that his predecessor violated the law. The house that Allen Dulles built is divided and torn.

THE END IS NOT IN SIGHT. Various committees now investigating the agency will doubtless find error. They will recom-


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mend change, they will reshuffle, they will adjust. But they will leave the monster intact, and even if the monster never makes another mistake, never again overreaches itself—even, indeed, if like some other government agencies, it never does anything at all—it will, by existing, go right on creating and perpetuating the myths that always accompanied the presence of the monster.

We know the myths. They circulate throughout the land wherever there are bars and bowling alleys: that the CIA killed John Kennedy; that the CIA crippled George Wallace; that an unexplained airplane crash, a big gold heist, were all the work of the CIA.

These myths are ridiculous, but they will exist as long as the monster exists. The fact that millions believe the myths raises once again the old question which OSS men used to argue after the war: Can a free and open society engage in covert operations?

After nearly 30 years of trial, the evidence ought to be in. The evidence demonstrates, it seems to me, that a free and open society cannot engage in covert operations—not, at any rate, in the kind of large, intricate covert operations of which the CIA has been capable.

I don't argue solely from the box score. But let's look at the box score. It reveals many famous failures. Too easily, they prove the point. Consider what the CIA deems its known successes: Does anybody remember Arbenz in Guatemala? What good was achieved by the overthrow of Arbenz? Would it really have made any difference to this country if we hadn't overthrown Arbenz?

And Allende? How much good did it do the American people to overthrow Allende? How much bad?

Was it essential—even granted the sticky question of succession—to keep those Greek colonels in power for so long?

We used to think that it was a great triumph that the CIA kept the Shah of Iran on his throne against the onslaught of Mossadegh. Are we grateful still?

The uprisings during the last phase of the Cold War, and those dead bodies in the streets of Poland, East Germany, and Hungary: to what avail?

But the box score does not tell the whole story. We paid a high price for that box score. Shame and embarrassment is a high price. Doubt, mistrust, and fear is a high price. The public myths are a high price, and so is the guilty knowledge that we own an establishment devoted to opposing the ideals we profess.

IN OUR MIDST, we have maintained a secret instrument erected in contradiction to James Madison's injunction: "A popular government without the means to popular information is a farce or a tragedy, perhaps both."

As I say, the investigating committees will prop the monster up. I would suggest more radical action. I would shut it down. I would turn the overt intelligence function over to the State Department. Scholars and scientists and people who understand how the railroads run in Sri Lanka don't need to belong to the CIA in order to do their valuable work well.

I would turn the paratroopers over to the army. If, at some time, it becomes essential to our survival to mount a secret attack upon a foe, the army is capable of doing it, and, with some changes in command structure in order to bypass bureaucracy, the army could do it as swiftly and secretly as the CIA. Under the command structure of the Department of Defense, congressional oversight would be possible. Then, if the army got caught fielding a secret division in Laos, and if the American people did not want a secret division in Laos, the American people would know where to turn.

I would turn the psychological warriors and propagandists over to the Voice of America. Psychological warriors and propagandists probably never did belong in a secret agency.

And, last, I would choose a very few men to run spies and such covert operations as the passage of money to those in other lands who cannot afford to accept American support openly. But I would limit covert operations to passing money to "friendlies."

I would house these spy masters and money-passers in some obscure tool shed, and I would forbid, by law, any of them from ever calling himself "director." They would not work for the CIA. Because I would abolish the name CIA.

As their chief, the President should choose for a term of six years some civilian who has demonstrated staunchness of character and independence of mind. I would make him responsible to a joint committee of Congress, as well as to the President, and I would not permit him to serve more than one term.

THUS, WE MIGHT get rid of power. Without power, arrogance would not be dangerous. Thus, too, we could prevent the inside-outside syndrome, so essential to secrecy, from making a mockery of representative government.

As for the house that Allen Dulles built at Langley, we might leave it standing empty, our only national monument to the value that democracy places upon the recognition and correction of a mistake. □

*"You're darn divine right!"*



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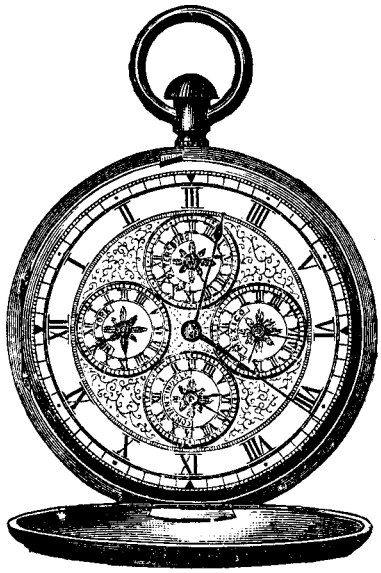

## Israeli Writing:

# An Obsession With Time

by John Hersey

Reading the novels, stories, and poems of Israeli authors during two visits to Jerusalem last year, I was struck by the fact that time blazes and shimmers in those writings in ways that are fully as intense, dizzying, and mysterious as the famous light on the Judean Hills. The element of time works in them in certain ways that are not commonly found in European and American literature.

To begin with, a reader cannot help noticing on the surface of these writings—even in the sometimes uneven translations I used—a wealth of images of time, which is constantly objectified or personified. Time "gradually disintegrates in clocks" (Chaim Gury), "skips like a dolphin" but also "trudges upon heavy earth" (T. Carmi), "is like a police van patrolling the streets at night" (Amos Oz). "At times," says Hannah Goren, the narrator of Oz's *My Michael*, "my eyes are opened and I can see time . . . a tall, freezing, transparent presence . . . hostile to me, boding no good."

But this phenomenon goes deeper than simile and metaphor. Its seed, I suppose, was danger. In one of his stories, Aharon Megged, winner last year of the Bialik Prize for fiction, has a character write a letter to the Prime Minister:

> . . . As long as I [Y. Tal, born in Nes-Ziona] can remember, we have been living in a continuous state of tension—of work, security, immigrant absorptions, etc. This tension has a grave effect on the character of this country's citizens, making them prone to irritability, aggressiveness, impatience, imbalance. . . .

This tension evidently also does strange things to the citizens'—and the writers'—time sense. Time slips out of rhythm; it moves like a caterpillar, now drawing itself tight, then suddenly stretching out. A woman I met in Jerusalem spoke of the sensation, during and just after the Yom Kippur War, of the urgency and immediacy of each day's every minute, while events from the period just before the war—when had they happened? how long, how long, how many ages ago? A. B. Yehoshua, one of the most gifted of the younger prose writers, mentions in a story the Jerusalemites' "frenzied greed for mail, devouring of newspapers." Israelis work a six-day week, remember a six-day war. A young mother in Tel Aviv told me of the speed with which a rigidly foreordained quarter of a century had flashed past her eyes: 6 years of childhood, 12 years of school, 2 years of army, 4 years of university, 1 year of marriage; and then, with the arrival of a baby, for some reason time stopped short. "I do nothing! Nothing!" she cried. How headlong life is in Dan Pagis's "The Portrait":

> The child
> keeps fidgeting.
> it's hard for me to get the line of his cheek.
> I draw one line
> and the wrinkles of his face increase.
> I draw another,
> and his lips grow crooked, his hair white,
> the bluish skin peels from his bones. He's gone.
> The old man's gone. And I—
> What shall I do now?

Yet the fleeting present moment has a context—the massive appeal of a long past and the threat of an endlessly uncertain future. A hero of the Warsaw ghetto uprising spoke to me, during my last visit, of the sense of stability in his parents' home in Europe, where nobody had his own watch or alarm clock, but where the whole family told time by a huge, heavy wooden chime clock that had been passed from generation to generation—until a historic alarm rang and time broke off. "It's an illusion," he said, "to think that the Messiah will come in my lifetime—or in my children's. A mistake people make is to believe that history turns on a single day, in a single hour. Everything is a process."

This sense of time ceaselessly at work in history is caught in a passage from Amos Oz's novel *My Michael*:

> On a branch of a fig tree which sprouted in our garden a rusty bowl had hung suspended for years. Perhaps a long-dead neighbor had once thrown it from the window of the flat above, and it had caught in the branches. It was already hanging covered in rust outside our kitchen window when we first arrived. Four, five years. Even the fierce winds of winter had not brought it to the ground. On New Year's Day, however, I stood at the kitchen sink and saw with my own eyes how the bowl dropped from the tree. No breeze stirred the air, no cat or bird moved the branches. But strong forces came to fruition at that moment. What I mean to say is this: All these years I had observed complete repose in an object in which a hidden process was taking place all these years.

THE FIRST GENERATION of Hebrew writers in Palestine, who came out of the settlements, the fighting underground, and

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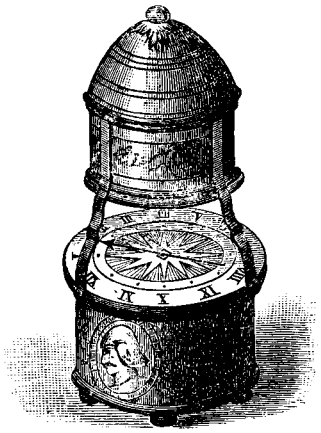
the War of Independence, and were caught up in the enthusiasm of shaping a new state, deliberately turned their backs on Europe and rejected—at least for a while—the example of the founders of modern Hebrew literature, who had written from and about the Diaspora. Two of

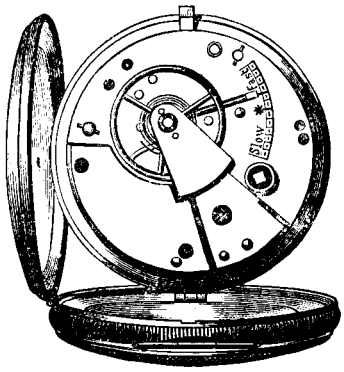


these predecessors, the poet Chaim Nachman Bialik (1873–1934) and the novelist S. Y. Agnon (1888–1970), still remain the giants of the literature—Bialik, with his prophetic, caustic, goading lyric voice, and Agnon, a Nobel Prize winner toward the end of his life, with his earthy, witty, ironic fictions about the ecstatic Hasidim. But those men wrote about a past the young immigrants did not have to confront, at least not from day to day. While the poets—Abraham Shlonsky, Nathan Alterman, and others—were influenced by European symbolists and imagists, much of their early work was concerned with the building of the homeland. The first wave of prose writings—by writers like Megged, S. Yizhar, Moshe Shamir, Hanoch Bartov—was mostly in a mode of idealistic social realism. For these writers, time was of the instant, and their most resonant memory of the past was of their return to Eretz Israel.

But before long the new writers in Hebrew evidently found their present time, busy as it was, shallow and repetitive. Little by little they began to explore a past—the distant past, which was so palpable in their new surroundings. They skipped over the past of the dispersion of the Jews and went all the way back, at first, to the Bible. The overt line to the biblical past was through historical fiction; the large, well-crafted, but heavy novels of Moshe Shamir, books like *The King of Flesh and Blood* and *David's Stranger,* are examples of that genre. But there were other, more interesting paths back into that past—and along them we come to the distinctive relationships to time that are to be found in Israeli literature.

ONE PATH was over the landscape. In other literatures, landscape is used for various effects, one of which may be to create an emotional tie with a cultural past. What sets this effect apart in Israeli writing is partly a matter of breathtaking reach and partly a matter of historical density. The archeologist Pessah Bar-Adon, who has made several important discoveries in the Judean desert since the '67 war, most notably the so-called Cave of the Treasure, at Nahal Mishmar, writes that it is "as though Genesis was still continuing on this unfinished, inchoate landscape." And, alluding to the teeming reminders of the Jewish past on and just under the surface of the land, he speaks of "a clasping of hands across centuries, from fathers to sons."

In fictions like "Midnight Convoy" and *Days of Ziklag,* S. Yizhar ties together, with a strange and sometimes stunning effect, the shifting states of mind of his characters and the changing



lights on the "cinnamon soil," "flocks of hills," "scorched, dusted horizons," to produce an eerie sense of the total liberation from conventional time of a generation of Jews caught in tension between their historic destiny in an ancient land and their direct experience of life from minute to minute. Time in his stories—and in much Israeli literature—is fused with old places, merged with the angle of light, blended with momentary risks, into what Yizhar calls "an infinite instant."

THERE IS a yet more subtle tie to the past in Israeli literature—that of diction. In the hectic days of settlement and of the War of Independence, the young writers did not have time for a solid education in their "new" language, Hebrew. In one way, their pell-mell rush into the language enriched it. A gifted poet like Yehuda Amihai brought to his verse the freshness and pungency of daily speech—and also a "foreign" flavor, derived from the influence on him of poets he had read and admired in Europe, such as Rilke and Auden.

But gradually Israeli writers steeped themselves in the more-than-2,000-year-old oral and written Hebrew literary tradition, through the Bible, the Talmud and its legends, the commentaries of the Midrash, the Book of Prayer, the sayings and writings of sages and poets. Soon Israeli poets were able, by allusion and quotation, to inject deep time into present moments.

There are important differences between the way the literary past is sounded in Western writings and the way the past is called to witness in Hebrew writings. One difference is the sheer immensity of the echo chamber available to writers in Hebrew; another is that whereas Western writers freely cross frontiers of language and culture (Eliot quotes from five languages in the last 11 lines of *The Waste Land*), the Hebrew writers—even those younger novelists who have been much influenced by European and American models—mainly confine themselves to Hebrew sources. The sum of all the other differences is this great one: a vast difference in accessibility and, therefore, in impact. The reader in Hebrew, no matter what his attitude toward religion, feels the powerful emotional thrust of referents drawn from a tradition he considers his own, and one that he associates with his very survival. Stanley Burnshaw, in *The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself* (which Burnshaw edited with T. Carmi and Ezra Spicehandler), has pointed out some of these differences, and he offers a telling, if extreme, example of the differences in intensity of responses called up by allusion: between those of a Western reader, to Eliot's insertion of Mallarmé's *"Donner un sens plus pur aux mots de la tribu"* as "To purify the dialect of the tribe" (in "Little Gidding"), and those of a Jewish reader, to Avraham Ben Yitzhak's line, "And upon the day of our leaving the earth we shall stand before the gates at closing time" (in "The Lonely Say"), with its echo of the prayer that concludes the service for the Day of Atonement.

ONE PERIOD OF TIME is so far missing—an amnesia. It was for the poets Abba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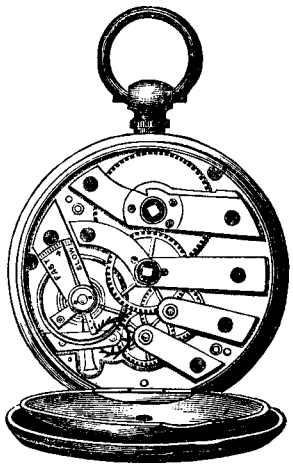
Kovner, Amir Gilboa, and, more recently, Dan Pagis, and some others, to "fill the empty space," as Kovner expressed it to me—to try to give a literary voice to the millions of Jews lost in Europe. Kovner, who had commanded the United Partisan Organization of the



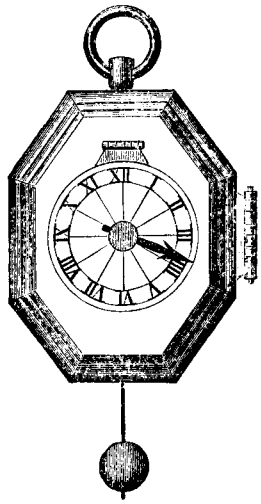
Vilna ghetto and, after its fall and the escape of small groups to the forests, the Jewish "Vengeance" battalion, arrived in Israel relatively late, in 1946, just in time to take up arms again in the War of Independence. In his long, dense-textured poems, packed with hints of the far past and strange leaps of his living memory, Kovner managed to weave that "missing" time of the Nazi holocaust into its place among all the other times.

A problem for Kovner and the other poets who survived the Nazi period in Europe is one of discontinuities—a dislocation of the time sense. A survivor of, and a resister in, the Cracow ghetto, later an inmate of Theresienstadt, an escapee to Sweden, an immigrant in Israel, a postdoctoral student at Yale, and a psychiatrist in Jerusalem, where I met him, told me that remembering various segments of his past, he finds himself saying with bewilderment, "I was not the same man. That was not I, not the I that I am now." Kovner put this to me, in literary terms, with a devastating concision: "A poet can't learn two landscapes in one lifetime."

Yet some Israeli poets—more successfully than novelists—have been able, thanks to this gift of theirs for dissolving time, to confront deep connections between the European and the Israeli experience, between wars here and there, between genocide and terrorism, Hitler and pharaoh, reality and myth, tradition and destiny.

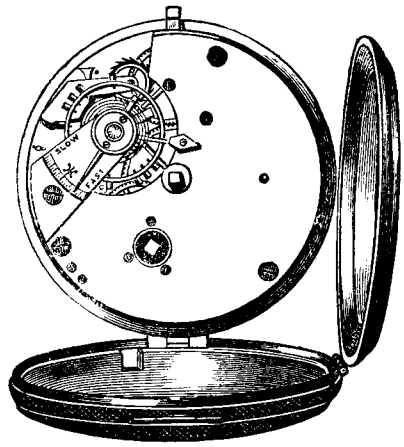
Amir Gilboa's poem "Isaac" seems on the surface to be a reworking of that most cruel and terrifying example of God's willingness to test to the breaking point man's belief in His power—the binding of Isaac to the sacrificial altar. But the poem radically recasts that story, and here it is seen not as a trial of faith but as a kind of dreamlike subliminal glimpse at the destruction of European Jewry. It is told in the voice of a little boy and starts as a forest idyll; he and his daddy (*aba*) and the sun go for a stroll in the woods. Then "like lightning a knife flamed between the trees." The child, terrified by "blood on the leaves"—the Nazi massacres in the forests—cries out for help from his father, so they won't miss lunch. But the father answers, "It is I who am being slaughtered, my son./ And my blood is already on the leaves." Then the vision is suddenly transformed into a nightmare in the present time, for the "I" of the narrator dissolves into that of the poet himself, waking up, his right hand "bloodless," as if paralyzed or dead.

IN THE LATE Fifties and Sixties, a generation of sabras began to chafe at the constant pressure on them of the collective conscience in Israel, and the wheel turned, and once again present time seemed important—a present in which an individual could savor, in isolation, for better or worse, his own existential predicament. These younger writers were obviously influenced by European and American authors, and their work opened outward in ways that made it seem more in the stream of Western literature than much of the Hebrew writing that had preceded it. Two prose writers



I have already mentioned were, and still are, preeminent—Amos Oz and A. B. Yehoshua.

The intensity of the obsession with time of these two writers is almost suffocating. In Yehoshua's "Three Days and a Child" we see the inexorable playing-out, to utter exhaustion, of the span of time during which a city man has undertaken to care for the small son of a



Illustrations: Culver

former mistress; in "Early in the Summer of 1970," a story of a father's unbearable grief, Yehoshua achieves haunting echoes of ancient time by sounding the theme of the Gilboa poem, one all too easily recognized by Israelis, who after five wars have come to wonder how many sons a stern deity requires them to sacrifice. In Oz's novella *The Crusade,* a historical fiction about the progress of the crusade of one Count Guillaume of Touron, the author reaches far beyond the usual double level of time in that form, where the past sheds direct light on the present, for something far more complex: an evocation of all the times, all the centuries, of the persecution of Jews. As an example of Oz's subtle infusion of extra time levels into the story, take this passage, with its grasp of the incessant paranoia of anti-Semitism, yet also with its whispered but unmistakable evocation of Nazis surrounded by Jewish partisans in the forests of Eastern Europe:

> A few times it happened that darkness fell while they were still in the depth of the forest. Then they would light a great fire in the middle and surround the camp with a close circle of small bonfires for fear of vampires, wolves, and demons.
>
> If one looked upward one could see how the light of the fire was broken by the thick ceiling of leaves. Round about wolves howled, foxes' eyes glinted, an evil bird screeched and shrieked. Or was it the wind? Or sinister imitations of the sound of fox, bird, and wind? Even the rustling of fallen leaves hinted perpetually at the certainty of



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another, a hostile camp whispering round about, encircling.

IN THE COMMENTARIES there is a frequently expressed conviction that God gave the element of time to mankind through the Jews. In *Midrash Tanhuma Hayashan,* Rabbi Yehoshua ben Levi, commenting on God's command to Moses (in Exodus 12) henceforth to set the divisions of "your months," compares this to a king handing on a clock to his son who has reached maturity; God was saying that the children of Israel had come of age, and "until now I reckoned the months and years; now I am handing them over to you."

To writers in the Hebrew language, this conviction must at times have seemed a heavy burden. In *The Living on the Dead,* Aharon Megged has the narrator tell of a walk out to some salt pans with the old revolutionary Davidov:

I remember how he halted suddenly, lifted up his face to the moon, and said something about a nation's history beginning in the heavens, but without a moon. . . . God, he said, took Abraham outside and told him to count the stars, but there was no moon. And that was the beginning of our history, which already contained the future in embryo—very serious, shadowy, sublime, unromantic.

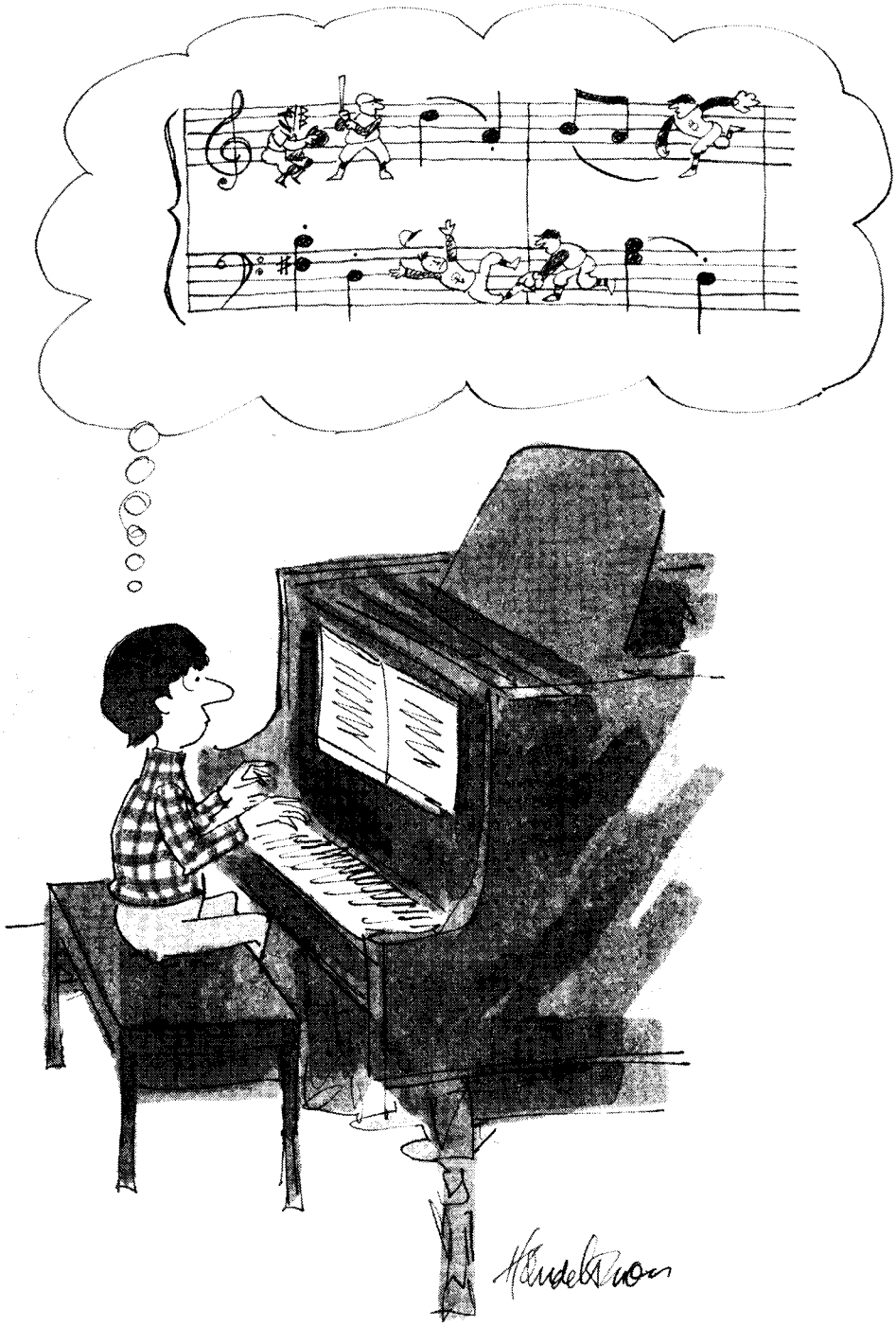
Megged asked himself, in an interview last year in the Israeli quarterly *Ariel,* "What debt do we owe to the history of the Jewish people, the history of this land, the memory of the Holocaust, the biblical past? All culture is memory. Why do I object to the ruin of Zikhron Ya'akov or the old section of Tel Aviv or Jerusalem? Because without all these memories, I am like a man without culture, deprived of roots." In the novel he speaks of "the obligation of the treetop to the roots."

Time, for writers in Hebrew, as indeed for all those who daily lift their eyes to the hills of Israel, reaches back very far, to Abraham, to Moses, to Adam, to the abyss before the lights were hung; that time is awesomely old, and its workings have been long, deep, and slow. But for the Jewish nation and its people, constantly in peril—and this surely is the key to the literary obsession—it is at the same time brutally precipitate. Chaim Gury writes of his first 35 years:

1.
And I did not have time.
Now I know
That I did not have time
Half of my life
I can now stay silent.
My shadow grows long
With the passage of the sun.
I am the man
Who did not have time

2.
And I did not have time
To grow slowly like a tree
Of thoughts.
Like something more understood,
Less casual and made up
Of shouts,
Of snacks eaten in standing.
My life has passed midst newspapers,
My breath has been cut off,
A short distance run,
For God's sake!

3.
And I did not have time
To be covered by moss
Or rust
And to experience
Birth-burial-birth
To belong to memories
Or to grow yellow like
Pages and pages of the heavy book.
To be understood.
Definite.
Lost.
Gaining a heritage.
Between me and my father—the sea. □





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# A Dialogue Between Olympians

**Roosevelt and Churchill: Their Secret Wartime Correspondence**
*Edited by Francis L. Loewenheim, Harold D. Langley, and Manfred Jonas*
*Saturday Review Press/E. P. Dutton, 808 pp., $17.50*

Reviewed by Robert F. Byrnes

Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill met briefly during World War I, but Churchill did not even remember the meeting. Neither of these men—the two heroes of the twentieth century in the Anglo-Saxon world—attempted to see the other or correspond until after World War II had begun. On September 11, 1939, Roosevelt initiated the correspondence—a correspondence that for the first eight months was highly improper in light of their respective political positions. Churchill, apparently, did not at first even inform Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, in whose Cabinet he was serving, of these fascinating letters. Over a period of five years and seven months, Roosevelt and Churchill exchanged more than 1,700 messages—almost one a day—that dealt candidly and most informally with many far-reaching military and political issues. This flow is extraordinary, particularly considering they met on 120 days during that period.

The editors of this collection, three youngish scholars with a special interest in American diplomatic history, have selected 548 of the letters. These secret messages have been available for some time, at the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library in Hyde Park, N.Y., and presumably Loewenheim, Langley, and Jonas have culled the most important and interesting items, though they never disclose their rationale. In a few cases passages have been eliminated without explanation.

They have divided the letters into four groups: up until the North Africa invasion, in October 1942; the remainder of 1942 and all of 1943; the months in 1944 before the Normandy landing, on June 6; and the period until Roosevelt's last letter, on April 11, 1945. They have also provided about 100 pages of introductory material: a general introduction, devoted to personal, military, political, and diplomatic relationships; short introductions to each section; brief summaries of the conferences the two men participated in; and a 25-page chronology. In short, they have sought to make available to the general reader, as well as to the scholar, selected letters from this remarkable correspondence, along with most useful editorial assistance.

Scholars well versed in World War II history and the role these men played in it will find no new information here. Churchill has published most of his letters, and James MacGregor Burns and others have used the entire correspondence at Hyde Park. The general reader will increase his understanding of the issues involved, but he will not obtain a balanced or coherent picture. The letters published touch only lightly upon many of the critical issues, although they are remarkably candid on the disagreements Roosevelt and Churchill had over military strategy, the nature and permanence of the British Empire, policy toward the Soviet Union, the occupation of Germany, and the coordination of American and British economic and military programs. The critical conferences attended by these men are of course not represented. Finally, while both men wrote with remarkable clarity—one feature of this correspondence—the messages lack the eloquence displayed elsewhere by both men. In short, these letters are interesting but not fascinating. Few will read them as avidly as the Roosevelt-Frankfurter correspondence or Churchill's *Marlborough: His Life and Times*, which FDR and many others found compelling.

Even so, no one interested in America's role in world affairs, or even in the future of the Republic, can read this collection without acquiring a great deal of insight into why we could contribute so much to winning the war and yet fail to gain the peace we sought. Reading of the great days of the Forties, Lend Lease, the "arsenal of democracy," the Atlantic Charter, the Grand Alliance, the incredible outpouring of American agricultural and industrial production, the successful military campaigns, the high spirit, and the extraordinary confidence these men radiated can only make one wonder what has happened, in only three decades, to the most powerful country in the world.

In spite of the military threat Hitler posed, these letters never breathe even the faintest doubt of complete triumph. Even though these letters are remark-

*"The maid fired us."*

*Prof. Robert F. Byrnes is director of the Russian and East European Institute at Indiana University.*



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ably open and cold-blooded—there is no mention of atrocities, of Hitler's policies toward the Jews, of the agonies of the resistance movements—neither leader is critical of his military chiefs or of his civilian associates. This seems to have been an age of great men, compared in particular with the leadership Western societies enjoy today. Perhaps World War II was even more destructive of the talent for leadership than was World War I, and we are now paying for the human and spiritual losses of the Forties, just as the Western democracies did in the Twenties and Thirties for those of 1914–1918. Perhaps the slump hit us later this time because the challenges raised by the devastation of Europe, the Berlin crises, the Korean War, and other shocks provided the same kinds of stimuli and rallying points that gave such strength and support to FDR and Churchill.

This correspondence also provides substantial evidence that Roosevelt contributed significantly to the "imperial Presidency." Indeed, the British political system apparently survived the war with less strain and damage to its structure than did ours. The letters show not only that Roosevelt was a disorganized leader who failed to create a coherent system for directing the economy and the war effort, but that he used this anarchy to pull all the threads of power into his own hands. Hull, Stettinius, and the State Department had little more influence than did Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's foreign minister, or than Secretary Rogers did under Nixon. Indeed, Hull knew as little about our dealings with de Gaulle as Rogers did about the opening to Mao. Even more important, Congress and congressmen are barely mentioned in these letters, except when Roosevelt argued that Congress limited his ability to accede to a Churchill policy proposal. Churchill was far more attentive to Parliament than Roosevelt was to Congress. Moreover, he paid considerably more attention to public opinion, and to informing the public about long-term problems, than did FDR.

These letters, especially those of 1944 and 1945, also throw light on the origins of the Cold War and raise questions about Roosevelt's perspicacity and resolution in facing the basic problems posed by Soviet power and policy. The revisionists, especially those who have not read the Soviet record, are largely a product of our peculiar times, which are even more unsettled than "normalcy" in the Twenties and depression in the Thirties. However, the correspondence from August 1944 until Roosevelt's death should reveal to even the most benighted that Stalin, out of his narrow concern with Russian interests in Eastern Europe, created the problems that astute observers—such as Walter Lippmann—early recognized as basic to our future relationships.

These private letters illuminate an even more central issue—the extraordinary attitude Roosevelt had toward the nature of American power and its use in the post-war world. Even when American production was dazzling Stalin and our armed power was flooding into almost every corner of the world, Roosevelt and Churchill seemed curiously unaware of these phenomena and of the influence our cornucopia might have on international politics. Roosevelt is revealed devoting more attention to preparing to dismantle the British Empire than to rebuilding Western Europe, with no thought of the consequences of these impetuous policies. He informed Churchill on February 29, 1944, that the United States would withdraw its forces from Europe soon after the war, and he even informed Stalin of this at Tehran. He apparently did not appreciate the effect these pronouncements would have on our allies and what they would mean for Europe and for any influence we would have there. At the same time, he made no effort to educate the American public about the practical requirements that joining the United Nations would impose on us.

Even more baffling is Roosevelt's respect for, almost subservience to, Soviet military strength, especially because he was so astute concerning German and Japanese power and made few wild estimates. (For some reason, Churchill and Roosevelt thought that in April 1940 Yugoslavia would drive Italy from Albania and Greece, while Hitler stood by. And later that year, in October, they thought Japan would attack the Soviet Union.) Stalin must have been delighted by our attitude. Roosevelt made no effort to obtain any advantage from Lend Lease; he did not even question Soviet demands. While informing Stalin of our production figures, our policies, and our strategies, he did not request information on German troop strengths at the Soviet front or on Soviet production figures. FDR—in a message (not included in this volume) to which Churchill referred on August 1, 1944—even proposed that he and Churchill invite Stalin to referee their disagreement concerning Anvil, the proposed landing in southern France. When appealing to Stalin to aid the Warsaw uprising and to allow American and British planes to land in the Soviet Union after dropping supplies, the Western leaders pointed out that Western public opinion would be disturbed if the Allies did not cooperate on this. Finally, Roosevelt sent Churchill a copy of his December 16, 1944, letter to Stalin, in which he begged Stalin to "refrain from recognizing the Lublin Committee as a government of Poland *before we meet* [my italics]." Stalin, of course, proceeded, because the earlier appeals and the character of this one had informed him of the nature of American policy.

These lapses can be explained by American inexperience in international politics, as well as by our ignorance of the Soviet Union: In 1941, after all, military intelligence had one officer and one enlisted man studying the Soviet Union. Their sources were the New York papers; their instruments, a pair of scissors and a filing cabinet. In the whole country we had only a dozen academic specialists on the Soviet Union. All were outstanding—many had deeper knowledge than our hundreds of experts have today—but some were scholars on Tolstoy or eighteenth-century history. Our idealism, our hopes, also contributed. Roosevelt was ill and tired, unwilling to fight any more battles than necessary. He may also have felt guilty because American isolationism had helped create the vacuum into which Hitler moved, and because Soviet war losses were so heavy. As George Kennan has noted, his qualities as a wartime leader "were primarily qualities of temperament, not of the intellect." Finally, tragically, his close association with Churchill may have helped persuade him that he could work just as effectively with Uncle Joe—or "UJ," as these two leaders referred to him—as he did with his great English colleague. From all these failures, and from Soviet power and policy, came the Cold War. □


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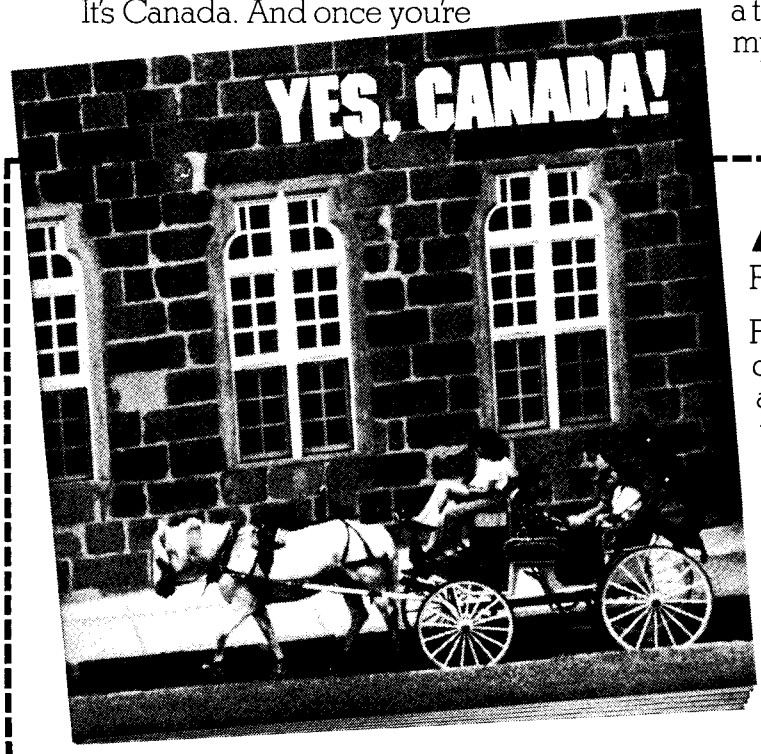


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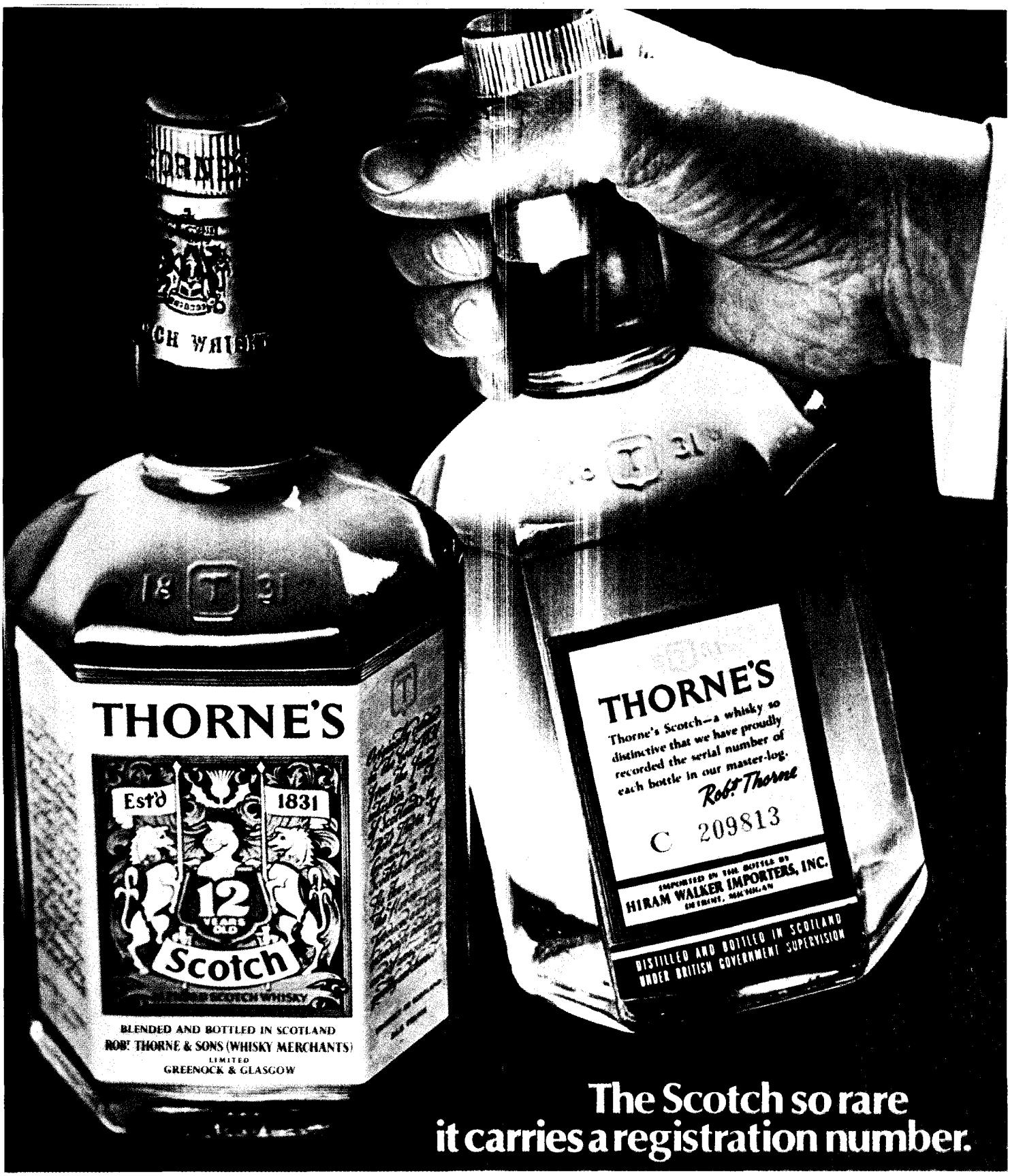


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# New Books

## Before the Fall

*by William Safire*
*Doubleday, 704 pp., $12.50*

Bill Safire was never a Nixon intimate the way Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman were, or even as close to the President as Ron Ziegler, Pat Buchanan, or Dwight Chapin. Like Herb Klein, Peter Flanigan, and Bob Finch, Safire was, in his own words, an "old Nixon hand," who describes his White House position briefly this way:

I could expect certain privileges of access and could exercise the right to be forthright, and after a time was expected to present an iconoclastic position. Until I discovered in 1973 that I had been wiretapped in 1969, I was sure that my proven loyalty gave me the widest latitude in associating with reporters and political adversaries, who were known to Nixon as "them."

Perhaps Haldeman, who had ordered the tap on Safire's and many other White House phones (including Henry Kissinger's), ought to have listened more carefully to Safire, who sent Haldeman a memo in 1971, with a carbon copy to John Dean, which began: "Why don't we make more of the fact that ours is a scandal-free administration?"

Mr. Safire's long book is the detailed inside story of the pre-disaster years: the whole of the first term, after Nixon squeaked by Hubert Humphrey; the great triumph in foreign policy and the quicksand at home; the President's growing psychopathic distrust of journalism and anyone connected with it; and, little by little, Haldeman's takeover, with Ehrlichman, of a captive loner who happened to be President.

One has only to read of Nixon's choosing Haldeman over loyal Rose Mary Woods to realize the depths of Haldeman's growing power. If Haldeman could interpose himself between the President and Rose Mary Woods, Safire rightly says, "he could damn near do anything." Rose hated Haldeman from the moment Haldeman barred her from the genuine power of immediate proximity (most confidential secretaries to Presidents have an adjacent office; Rose's was downstairs). When, finally, they all drowned in the bursting dam of Watergate, Rose Mary Woods hated Haldeman for another reason: He had badly served The Boss, to whom she had been utterly loyal for a generation, through disaster and triumph.

The fascination of this enormously long chunk of contemporary history lies in its candor. Safire pulls no punch. He describes Nixon, who comes out of the book not too badly at times, as:

an amalgam of Woodrow Wilson, Niccolò Machiavelli, Teddy Roosevelt, and Shakespeare's Cassius, an idealistic conniver evoking the strenuous life while he thinks too much. . . . Nixon is both great and mean, bold and vacillating, with large blind spots in a remarkable farsightedness . . . and balanced judgments must give way to split decisions. He may be the only genuinely tragic hero in our history, his ruination caused by the flaws in his own character.

In any case, the book is required reading for anyone with the faintest interest in the Presidency or in the way the thread of American history has unfolded lately.

RICHARD L. TOBIN

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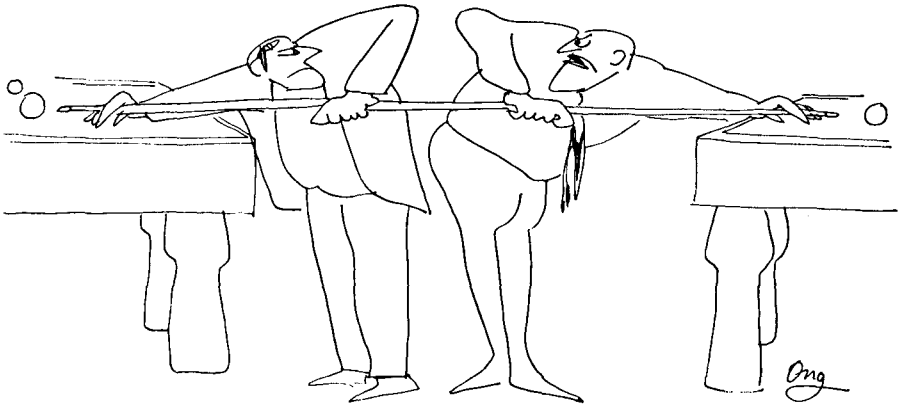
## Illegal Separation

*by A. A. Scanlon*
*Ayeff Daye Press, Dublin, 676 pp., $6*

The noted British scholar who has specialized in the relations between Great Britain and the American colonies presents a striking thesis in this book. He has analyzed all the documents involved in the separation between Great Britain and the 13 American states and has identified no fewer than 816 illegalities and irregularities. His conclusion is that the separation has no legal standing and that the United States Constitution is itself unconstitutional. In fact, he believes that a case brought by the British government before the U.S. Supreme Court might produce a fascinating historical contretemps.

Specifically, what evidence does Professor Scanlon offer? He points out that Philip Maybeck, who signed all the auxiliary papers of separation for the colonies, was not authorized to act by either Rhode Island or Maine, yet proceeded to do so. In fact, Maybeck's participation in the proceedings was repudiated by both states, thus invalidating the document altogether, but no substitute document carrying an authorized signature was executed or even prepared. Still another irregularity was that the New York State Legislature, for some unknown reason, routinely referred the ratification papers to committee along with 15 supporting documents. When the group of materials was returned from committee, the central document, inexplicably, was unsigned. Professor Scanlon believes that the omission was an act of sheer carelessness, but the fact remains that the separation documents were legally incomplete. He considers the argument that only New York, Rhode Island, and Maine, because of these irregularities, should be regarded as still part of the Crown, leaving the rest of the United States legally intact; but he makes two points in this connection. First, the agreement among the colonies called for them to act as a single entity. Second, the supporting documents ratified by the New York State Legislature were contingent upon their collective legality, which the Rhode Island and Maine repudiatory actions completely negated.

Is there any suggestion of deliberate intent by Philip Maybeck to sabotage the separation procedures? Professor Scanlon publishes a facsimile of a letter by Maybeck's widow to a friend in Liverpool. The letter says that immediately after signing the articles of separation, Maybeck informed his wife that he was going abroad on a confidential mission for about a year. When he returned, he disclosed to his wife that he had success-



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fully invested in some business ventures in Liverpool. Professor Scanlon went to the trouble of inspecting the Liverpool town clerk's record of business listings during the period and has found nothing to support the argument that Maybeck's sudden wealth was the result of any known business undertaking. Had Maybeck, in the parlance of contemporary political affairs, been paid off? If so, why has the British government never questioned the legality of the separation? More pointed still, why did Great Britain not lay claim to Rhode Island, Maine, and New York, at the very least? Did British government officials have a sudden change of heart about the entire affair? Were they just as happy to let the entire matter drop?

One way or the other, if the treaties of separation between the two countries lack validity because they were illegally executed, does this mean that the "United States"—the use of the quotation marks is deliberate—is actually still part of the British Empire and that Americans, who regard themselves as U.S. citizens, have been living out a historical fiction? Does it mean that Americans are still subject to British taxation? If so, how far back does this liability extend? Five years? Fifty years? One hundred and ninety years? Is there no statute of limitations that can be applied? If so, under which body of law—British or American? The complications are endless. Can the British, armed with a U.S. Supreme Court order, proceed to dip into what Americans have always regarded as their national treasury? And what about Fort Knox? Could a British court order empty our gold reserves? Does ownership of all our military stockpiles pass to the British?

How seriously can we take Professor Scanlon's thesis? Even if we accept the accuracy of his research, it would be profoundly awkward at this late date even to catalog all the complications involved in undoing almost 200 years of separate but illegal nationhood. Our guess is that neither the Americans nor the British will have the stomach or, quite frankly, the intellectual candlepower to unscramble so much history. Inevitably, one wishes that Professor Scanlon would withdraw his book. It is difficult to see what useful purpose can be served by having these questions raised at this time.

K. Jason Sitewell

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## Hers

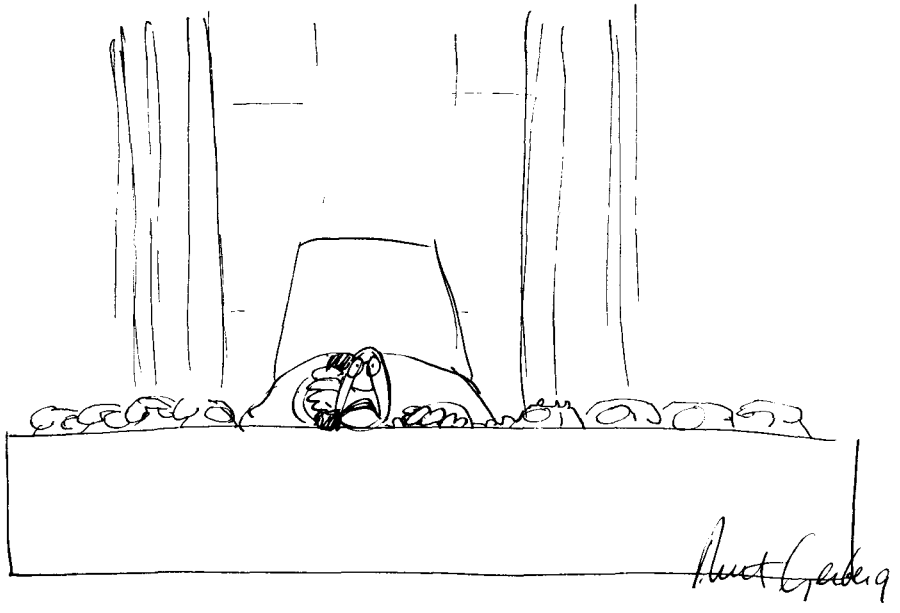
*by A. Alvarez*
*Knopf, 215 pp., $7.95*

It is not unlike A. Alvarez to venture out of the ordinary. Best known as a literary critic and a poet, Alvarez often introduces and supports the work of avant-garde, sometimes angry young poets, and, in his famous study of suicide, *The Savage God*, he explores one of the darker sides of literature and of the self. In *Hers*, his first novel, Alvarez quietly plays with inversion and the hidden dimensions of the commonplace. The story is mundane and familiar: a brief, rather dull love affair in one of England's "ancient university" towns (read Oxford). But the relationship is between a professor's wife and one of her husband's students, not the one between the lecherous aging male teacher and the nubile young female pupil that so many "university" novels have trundled out for us. In a damning portrait of the groves of academe, where competitiveness, hypocrisy, and opportunism grow as abundantly as in the outside world, Alvarez shows three people who finally decide to risk a sexual or psychological search for the self rather than just becoming footnotes to the text of existence, thumbing through life as if it were a shelf of books.

That life is not a sunny one. Alvarez heard from his savage god that an awareness of suicide and self-destructive urges can enrich the meaning of life. In *Hers* people seem already dead, wandering like zombies through set social patterns and professional behavior. It has been said that the passion for destruction is a creative passion; the sad thing here is that it only destroys. The overwhelming sense is one of disgust: distaste for the trappings of the everyday behind which people hide, an unbridgeable gap between the new generation and the old, self-loathing and unsuccessful attempts to shake this feeling through love for others.

A craving for some kind of solution triggers mental journeys into the past. The solution the past offers: resignation, conscious acquiescence instead of despairing passivity. Resignation is probably all we should expect from any character Alvarez cares to create. Like the poets he admires most, these people seem cursed with "open nerve ends." They are excruciatingly aware of what is wrong, but don't have the power to right things—only the strength of a critical sensibility.

Sensitivity of this type is skillfully filtered through Alvarez's intelligence; the story shimmers with the small talk and small thoughts of bright but pedestrian people, and it bears the touch of the poet. An unassuming but interesting novel, *Hers* is also a pessimistic one. It doesn't just spring from a private vision of Alvarez's, however—from his fascination for the "core of darkness" in everyone. The university is the world, and the conditions of the characters universal.



*"Hello, is that you, Edward? Listen, I'm sorry but I can't talk to you now. Wait a minute! Did you call me or am I calling you? Will you hold or should I? Better yet, why not leave your name and number and we'll get back to you later."*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How can we wonder at an Englishman telling a darkling tale at this point in time, or balk at the grim grimaces he pulls at what he sees? Alvarez insists that "the real resistance now is to an art which forces its audience to recognize and accept imaginatively . . . not the facts of life but the facts of death and violence." Here is a modest contribution to that form of art.

CELIA BETSKY

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## A Homemade World: The American Modernist Writers

*by Hugh Kenner*
*Knopf, 221 pp., $8.95*

Hugh Kenner is a professor of English literature at Johns Hopkins University. Among the most distinguished of contemporary literary critics, justly celebrated for the felicity and the accessibility of his prose, Kenner has for the most part devoted himself to the modern era—its major figures and the cultural sensibilities they have both reflected and helped to shape. Perhaps best known for his works on Ezra Pound and Buckminster Fuller, Kenner has also written extensively on moderns like Joyce, Beckett, and Eliot.

In *A Homemade World*, Kenner continues his lively and idiosyncratic exploration of modern texts—this time turning to what he posits as the distinctly American modern literary tradition that Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and William Faulkner began to forge during the Twenties. In effect, Kenner tells us that what these writers have in common is an obsession with the interplay between reality and imagination, and that this concern, in different styles and forms, was articulated in their work in terms suggested by a complex of uniquely American circumstances. Thus, as Kenner would have it, seemingly disparate writers like Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams can be linked together through the extent to which each responded to the same newborn sense of "a liberation from history," to revelations about the "arbitrariness" of literary forms and, even more important, of language itself, that went hand in hand with a radically reordered sense of man's —and art's—place in the scheme of things. How a brand-new way of looking at the world actually made itself felt in the writings of the American modernists is the focus of Kenner's analysis of various of these writers' texts.

By his own lights, Kenner is celebrating the possibility of some brave new synthesis of artistic and scientific/technological perception, out of which could spring, eventually, a valuable new literary vision. In the process, however, he winds up creating for literature a role that embraces the extremes of solipsism and quietism, apparently undismayed by the prospect of a literature that would need have nothing to do with life as it is actually experienced in space and time. Such a doctrine of pure estheticism can, as Kenner amply demonstrates, provide the basis for dazzling, even joyous, critical excursions, but that does not change the fact that such inhuman notions have already brought us quite close to the end of the road for any art worth the having.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

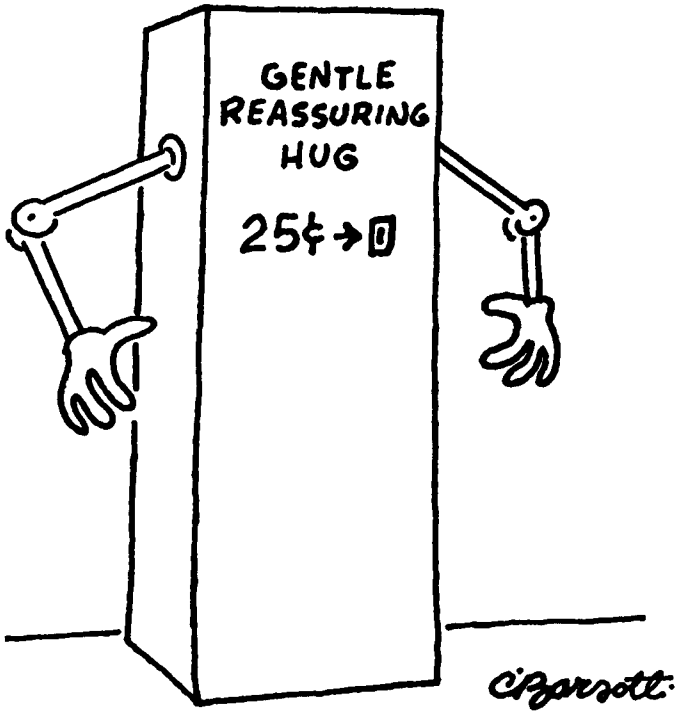
## An Island Death

*by Sol Yurick*
*Harper & Row, 160 pp., $6.95*

On the verge of nervous collapse, the protagonist of this novel, a professor of classics named Targ, repairs with his wife to the Mediterranean, there to rediscover, in what the narrator sardonically refers to as "the Cradle of Civilization," something of his lost commitment to his work. Arriving in Athens, Targ takes up with a Mr. Kairos, an old man whose romantic notions about the legacy of Western civilization contrast with Targ's own disillusion and cynicism. The two take off for a not especially remote, but nonetheless primitive, island; there Kairos, succumbing to a despair produced, in part, by his companion's faithlessness, takes his own life. Whipped to a superstitious frenzy, convinced that the suicide has brought on the rain that ruins their harvest, the island peasants turn on Targ, the sole government official on the island, and the local priest—turn, that is, on those who represent abstract, "civilized" order and authority. As the novel comes to its bloody, apocalyptic finish, Targ sacrifices himself in an irrational and blind attempt to reaffirm the kind of faith Kairos once embodied.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, this is not the first—or the best—book to have been developed around tensions posited between a decadent, illusory "civilization" on the one hand, and a brute, destructive, "natural" order on the other. Nonetheless, Yurick's narrative, told from the point of view of Targ's encroaching madness, is a powerful one. Marred only by a few obviously contrived and declarative passages in which various characters hold forth on the nature of things, it achieves a sustained intensity that justifies the bizarre and brutal climax. Finally, though, what one misses, amidst all the novel's well-wrought, surreal goings-on, is some strain of dispassion, the presence of a detached and knowing observer, some point of view that could, in juxtaposition to Targ's frenzy, create the kind of subtlety required for a really resonant and provocative articulation of the sorts of ideas Yurick is investigating. It is, no doubt, both idle and unfair to wish that *An Island Death* were *The Heart of Darkness*; still, Yurick's failure to accommodate the complexity of the issues he himself raises leaves his book much closer to the edge of inconsequence than it need have been.

J.L.C.



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# Trade Winds

by William Cole

### Seventh Volume

Arthur Gregor, born in Vienna, fled to the United States in 1939. He studied engineering, but his heart has always been in poetry, and he's published six volumes. For seven years he was a senior editor at Macmillan, responsible for the fine poetry line they used to have (and no longer seem to). He's currently teaching at Hofstra College. His seventh book, *The Past Now*, is just out from Doubleday at $5.95. Here's "*Les Nuits d'Été*":

The soul yearns for trees
rustling on summer nights,
for bays where are reflected
windows, faces that hesitate
to do more than suggest
feelings that brought them to the ledge

The soul yearns for recognition.
To declare what cannot be said
is not its agitation.
To be received, to let its wings
to be felt like a bird in its
ample cage where beautifully,
sorrowfully it sings.
To be denied its own reflection
is the soul's relentless grief.
Not to be acknowledged,
not understood—be it
in towns, by the sea,
in shimmering woods.

### Better Than Ever

I'd just finished the new P.G. Wodehouse when the dear old boy died at 93. *The Cat-Nappers* (Simon & Schuster, April 14, $6.95) is even better than the two that preceded it. A Jeeves-and-Bertie story about—no, not people who take snatches of sleep—people who steal a cat, with the idea of upsetting the cat's pal, a great racehorse. The whole thing is gloriously ridiculous, and if you've never read a Wodehouse, this would be a good place to start. Ah, yes, some Verse Aid:

Leave at once; it's not a good house;
I see no books by P. G. Wodehouse.

### Compulsive

Have you ever known a compulsive information-giver? Robert Daley is one, and his *Strong Wine Red as Blood* (Harper's Magazine Press, April 16, $7.95) tells us everything about wine from the grape up. It's a plotted novel about a hard-nosed young American businessman who is sent by his gigantic conglomerate to buy and run a first-class French vineyard in Bordeaux. Fascinating about wine production: I particularly liked the part where he dumps 6,000 egg whites into the casks—and gives the yolks to the workers. A lot of good talk about food. A reasonably rich and full-bodied novel with a pleasant aftertaste. Speaking of which:

The conversation [about] these wines seemed to Stack idiotic. He listened to people speak of the ampleur of the Château Lafite, which was rated a supple, elegant wine possessing both body and charm. But it was a short wine, compared to the Figeac, which was rated long, somewhat hard, but having a good deal of nose. The Beychevelle had started off a nervous wine, an austere wine, but a wine of breeding, and its great temperament had brought it through to what it was today. The oldest Conderie, or perhaps it was the Haut-Brion, had been precocious at first, but had turned into a robust wine with a beautiful robe, whatever that was. These people flung the words around like darts, as if hoping they'd stick somewhere, anywhere. Pretty soon the freeloader from Kansas City joined in, and after that even the mousy liquor-store owner from Chicago. It was all nonsense to Stack, and he would have thought it funny except that these people took themselves so seriously, and at last he decided to make the most outrageous remark he could think of. As he held his glass up, peering through the wine toward the candles, it seemed to him that everyone at the table leaned forward to hear what he would say—"This wine," said Stack, "has a bouquet that is almost—indiscreet."

Around the table everyone nodded, seeing nothing nonsensical in the nonsense Stack had just uttered. So Stack nodded too and added: "The last one had nose. This one has muscles."

### The Soil

There is absolutely no desire in this breast to own a small farm and become self-sufficient, buying nothing but tobacco, tea, and the kind of liquor that is impossible to fabricate. But I like to read about such hardy types and so enjoyed *The Fat of the Land*, by John Seymour (Schocken Books, April 21, $6.95). The author, an English freelance writer, rented an almost inaccessible five acres in Suffolk, and, with the help of his wife, repaired the house, planted sensible things, got a horse, a cow, ducks, a pig, and worked like a dog. He brought up a fine family, then went on to buy a larger farm in Wales. He loathes what he calls agri-businessmen who mass-grow tasteless food; he believes in the return of the craftsman. Here are a few words about chicks:

One day Henrietta came clucking back from the wood with a dozen little yellow chicks at her heels. We had discovered the secret of rearing poultry. Simply leave them absolutely and entirely alone.

I am often amazed when I see the complicated apparatus that is made, and sold for enormous sums, for hatching eggs and rearing chicks. For all you need is a *hen*. Leave the hen alone—let her go off alone in a wood and—provided that she has been introduced to a cockerel at some time—she will come waddling back in due course with a dozen little chicks. That is our experience. Nobody knows so much about rearing chicks as a hen. And the chicks that she rears will be much stronger and healthier than the poor little orphans that come out of a machine. Our miller friend once tried to sell me some chick crumbs which had been indoctrinated with some substance to immunize chicks against some disease called coccidiosis. We are simply not interested in diseases at the Broom. We don't get them. Our chicks drown themselves in the water trough fairly often—but what if they do? There are always plenty more. □


*Answers to questions*

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# artsletter

Prepared in cooperation
with the National Society for Literature
and the Arts.

NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS IN TRANSITION. Annual awards will be given at a gala ceremony in New York this month as usual, but under temporary auspices. Until this year, the National Book Awards were administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit organization founded in 1954 to promote books and library services, reward literary excellence, and defend freedom to read. NBC was supported principally by Association of American Publishers. When publishers withdrew their support last year, the National Book Committee was forced to reorganize. National Book Awards for 1975 are temporarily being handled by newly formed Committee on Awards Policy, headed by Roger L. Stevens.

Why did publishers let the National Book Committee die? The awards themselves were not in dispute, but dissatisfactions mounted over lackluster presentations, loose administration, and growing deficits. Meanwhile, Stevens has personally guaranteed bank loans through April and, in February, reconvened NBC's defunct executive committee, which rescinded its vote to dissolve. The Committee on Awards Policy is currently trying to arrive at a consensus about future structuring and financing of awards, and is consulting booksellers, librarians, and others who might supply ideas and assistance. Interested NSLA members should write Roger L. Stevens, 1564 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.

NUREYEV-GRAHAM COLLABORATION. Rudolf Nureyev, 36, has recently been attending modern-dance classes at school run by Martha Graham, 80. The celebrated Russian ballet star disdains role of private pupil, studies with other modern dancers, and takes instruction and correction from equally celebrated American dancer-choreographer. Their association is the result of mutual admiration. Nureyev is often present at performances by the Martha Graham Dance Company during his New York visits; likewise Graham is in attendance at Nureyev nights with the Royal Ballet and other companies.

A strong possibility exists that the two will pool talents — perhaps later this year. Both have already crossed the frontier between ballet and modern dance, Nureyev in works by José Limon and Paul Taylor, Graham in a brief, stormy 1959 collaboration with George Balanchine's New York City Ballet. Current speculation in New York is that Nureyev hopes to dance the role of Husbandman in Graham's classic Appalachian Spring. Meanwhile, he is staging Marius Petipa's Raymonda for American Ballet Theatre and may well be joining countrymen Mikhail Baryshnikov and Natalia Makarova in that company for the summer season.

MORE BLISS, LESS HAPPINESS FOR CHAPIN AT MET OPERA. Nearly three years after its newly appointed general manager, Goeran Gentele, was killed in a motoring accident in Sardinia (July 18, 1972), the Metropolitan Opera is split by factionalism, remains unsettled artistically, and has more red ink than ever. Administrative shortcomings in the operation headed by Gentele's successor, Schuyler G. Chapin, are generally regarded as the reason for appointment of former board president Anthony A. Bliss as paid executive director. It's expected that Bliss will recommend moving back next season's opening to mid-October, thus reducing the number of weeks by three or four. Other retrenchments include the elimination of "heavy" productions (such as the widely admired staging of Berlioz's Les Troyens and Strauss's Die Frau ohne Schatten) because of costly additional stagehands required to mount them, as well as the scaling down of new productions (such as the



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forthcoming Aida). His recent suggestion, in a hastily called company meeting, that its personnel accept a 10-percent across-the-board pay cut has aroused both resentment and hostility vis-à-vis forthcoming union negotiations.

Indications are that Richard Rodzinski, son of the late celebrated conductor Artur, will be brought from San Francisco Opera to bolster Chapin's corps of administrative assistants. There's also a strong chance that young, dynamic, Cincinnati-born James Levine will take over many responsibilities of music director (if he doesn't go to Pittsburgh Symphony as successor to retiring William Steinberg). Next season's Met conducting staff will have the largest complement of Americans in history. In addition to Levine, Henry Lewis, and John Nelson, who are already on the roster, there will be at least two more. James Conlon, whose good qualities have been noted in American Opera Center productions at the Juilliard, will make his debut, and Sarah Caldwell — famed conductor-impresaria of the Opera Company of Boston — will be the Met's first maestra when Beverly Sills sings Violetta in Verdi's La Traviata for the first time there.

There is some talk of reassigning Chapin to fund-raising, in which capacity he has impressed some board members, though it's unrealistic to suppose that he would have as much zeal in getting money for the projects of a general manager who would relieve him as he has had on behalf of his own. Whether or not Chapin remains as general manager in name, indications are that his latitude of action in planning new productions and signing artists for seasons beyond the immediate future will be closely supervised by Bliss in his capacity as on-site agent for the board. Though he has disavowed intentions of influencing artistic decisions, one suggestion he has already made — of going back to the "flats" (scenery painted on canvas rather than constructed) that were characteristic of pre-Bing productions — is emphatically "artistic" in its effect.

AMERICAN FILM THEATRE SUES MOVIE MAJORS. The much-praised subscription series of Theatre-on-Film produced by Ely Landau is running into distribution problems. Now in its second season, American Film Theatre (AFT) is experiencing difficulties persuading movie houses to show AFT productions once each month on Mondays and Tuesdays, even though those nights are generally the poorest box office of the week. In a suit filed against six major Hollywood companies, AFT charges defendants with anti-trust violation, claiming they are threatening to boycott or blacklist local exhibitors who present Theatre-on-Film series.

Landau is now embarking on Children's Film Theatre despite current difficulties with exhibitors. The plan is to produce classic books and plays on film for young viewers and show them on a seasonal subscription basis at movie houses throughout the country on Saturday mornings and afternoons.

BRAZIL IN BIRMINGHAM. The twenty-fifth annual festival of arts in Birmingham, Ala., runs from April 12 to 27, featuring a salute to the arts of Brazil. Exhibits will show contemporary Brazilian paintings, drawings, sculpture, graphics; primitive Indian crafts; photographic documentation of Brazilian baroque art and architecture. Other festival attractions: concerts by well-known Brazilian musicians, Brazilian plays and dances performed by local Birmingham groups.

ANOTHER HOROWITZ VISITATION. Easterners who were shut out of Vladimir Horowitz's first New York recital in six years, last November 17 at the Metropolitan Opera House, will have another opportunity on April 27, this time in Carnegie Hall. Early in March the illustrious virtuoso ventured south for the first time since 1949 (when he performed in Atlanta) to give a recital at the Van Wezel Performing Arts Hall, Sarasota, Fla.

ARTSLETTER is prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts, Suite 302, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.


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SR The Arts

# Shirley's New World

by Hollis Alpert

In 1971, Hollywood having temporarily fallen apart, Shirley MacLaine starred in a series for television called *Shirley's World*. By her own admission, and almost everyone else's, it was an unmitigated disaster. The financial sponsor of the series, an Englishman by the name of Sir Lew Grade, had also agreed to back two motion pictures of her choice. One, *Desperate Characters,* made on a minuscule budget, was interesting, but a failure at the box office; the other, *The Possession of Joel Delaney*, was an attempt to beat *The Exorcist* to the starting gate, but the world, apparently, was not quite ready to receive the devil.

Was Shirley through? Hardly. Her book *Don't Fall Off the Mountain* appeared and became a best seller. She then embraced the Presidential cause of George McGovern and spent a year stumping for him. Watergate was a kind of vindication of her efforts. Meanwhile, she had been invited to lead a delegation of representative American women on a tour of the People's Republic of China, and was given permission to make a film of the expedition. Paramount put up the money for the film, and Shirley paid the expenses of the tour members out of her own pocket. Only 2 of the 11 she took with her could be considered well known: the cultural anthropologist and psychologist Phyllis Kronhausen, and Claudia Weill, a fine documentary filmmaker. Shirley produced the resultant film, *The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir,* wrote the narration, and co-directed it with Ms. Weill. After a two-week engagement at New York's Whitney Museum, it will be playing on PBS stations across the country this spring.

Shirley's second book, *You Can Get There From Here,* details that visit to China, along with sundry other adventures and misadventures, and, together with the film, makes for an illuminating view of the new China, as seen through relatively unbiased American eyes. In fact, the 74 minutes of the film seemed to me far more revelatory than all the television coverage of the Presidential visit. Not that tour members and crew were allowed unlimited freedom in getting around and talking to people. But because the film concentrates on the roles of women in China, and the reactions of the American delegation, a considerable amount emerges.

READING SHIRLEY'S ACCOUNT first, I was prepared for a makeshift documentary. The electrical connections for the sound and film equipment were wrong and had to be improvised; the current was different, too, so the equipment had to be modified. Then some of the film-crew members took sick as fine dust, borne by winds, came out of the Gobi desert into Peking. Yet the film is astonishingly well put together, its content aided by the sharp questions put by Shirley to her Chinese hosts. One memorable exchange has Shirley questioning Madame Chou En-lai about the roles of artists and writers in the new China. A polite verbal fencing match ensues, with Shirley scoring a touché when the Premier's wife admits the need for state control of art and literature.

During a visit to a sculpture factory, Shirley questions one of the woman guides about why all the sculptors at work are making exactly the same representation of a horse. Suppose, she says, one genius sculptor wanted to express his own vision of a horse—what would happen? Finally the guide admits that such an artist would have to go through a period of correction and political re-education. Upon which Ms. Weill's camera pans along row upon row of horse sculptures, each made painstakingly by hand, all identical.

Shirley, we may be sure, was not brainwashed. On the other hand, her *human* sympathies for what is happening in China are always evident. One woman with her, a Texan and an adherent of George Wallace back home, finds herself questioning her former attitudes. "It's the people," she tells Shirley. "They're so happy. They have so much less than we do but they act so serene and peaceful. I wish I could know their secret. We're missing something in our life, and these people aren't." In the book Shirley quotes Phyllis Kronhausen: "I'm amazed. I wouldn't have believed it was possible. Of the children we've seen so far, I haven't seen *one* that I would call even slightly disturbed. It's incredible." And what the camera records bears out the words.

What is in neither film nor book is just *who* did the planning of the China junket and how it was organized. When Shirley asks a woman what important qualities she looked for when choosing

UPI

*Shirley MacLaine (left) with Mme. Chou En-lai—"A polite verbal fencing match."*



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## FILM NOTES

**Oil Lamps**—A Czech film, notable for its exquisite color and an affecting performance by Iva Janzurova, whose eyes manage to convey an astonishing range of feelings. The story, taking place at the turn of the century, has to do with a spinster whose choice of a husband is unfortunate, to say the least. He is an army officer, the indolent son of a farm-owner, who marries the spinster for her money. On her marriage night he turns from her, for good reason, as soon becomes clear. He is syphilitic, and the progressive course of the disease makes him a physical cripple and, with paresis setting in, a sorry idiot. The wife bears her ill fortune stoically, her emotions during it all showing only through those wondrous eyes. Petr Cepek, as the husband, has his moments, but his performance, for the most part, is grating and unpleasant. With his autumnal colors, the director, Juraj Herz, casts a nostalgic glow over the sometimes overwrought tale, but it is Iva Janzurova who remains in the memory. The film was first shown at Cannes in 1972—much too long a wait for us to see one of the finest of Europe's film actresses.

**Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**—Ely Landau took over the film version of this successful stage musical after it was made, for his current American Film Theatre series. This means that those who missed its two days of showing in the series will have to wait for its general release, perhaps a year or two from now. Jacques Brel is a singing French poet, whose songs are like a lovely, aching lament, popular in style, and altogether French. The lyrics, in translation, are more an approximation of the original words than literal, but they serve the music well, especially as sung by the gifted and Brooklyn-born Elly Stone. Her voice, somehow sweet and harsh at the same time, captures the French music-hall tradition, and her elfin face suits the general mood. Mort Shuman, who did the stage version with Eric Blau, appears in the film, as does Joe Masiell from the original cast. Both serve well, and a bonus is the appearance of the gaunt-faced Jacques Brel, who performs one of the numbers and is glimpsed in gloomy meditation from time to time. The visuals aren't up to the music, though. With no libretto to speak of, director Denis Heroux and screenwriter Blau freely associate images to accompany what is largely a song recital. When the scenes are kept simple, they work best, but too much of the time the visual display is pretentiously symbolic and curiously out-of-date, as though the disillusioned mood of the late Sixties is being forced into the mid-Seventies. A group of hippie-type mimes cavort constantly through what action there is, and they are an annoying and untalented bunch serving no apparent purpose. Admittedly, it's hard to justify a filmed song concert without something happening on the screen, but one would have wished for the director to curb many of his exuberant impulses. H.A.

her husband, highest priority went to his political orientation, and it's almost as sad and funny as an American woman saying she would never marry anyone who wasn't a Republican. Was the woman giving an answer prepared in advance? Hard to say. Shirley, in conversation with a Chinese family and members of a workers' commune, is relaxed, and so are they as they laugh and giggle at some of her questions. Is there divorce in China? Not that they know of. Adultery? They have heard of a case, but certainly not in their commune. Attitudes toward sex, she concludes in her book, would have pleased Queen Victoria. On a scale of 10, sex, she thinks, would be down around number 7.

WHAT MAKES THE FILM more valuable than any other visual material I've seen on today's China is Shirley's continual probing into roles and relationships, and her constant desire to understand. The camera studies the stunted feet of the older women, a reminder of their role before "liberation." She looks into acupuncture, and the queasy may want to turn their eyes from a cesarean birth accomplished without the use of anesthetics, with the woman, her belly sliced open, waving to and smiling at the observing Americans.

The trip over, the junket heads back to Hong Kong. But Shirley, unsatisfied, gets permission for further travel on her own. The film stops at this point, but the book continues the adventure. The film stock had run out, and what is not shown is how the American women react to a kind of culture shock brought on by the trip. The Texan comes down with bleeding ulcers. Two roommates insist on having separate rooms. A U.S. satellite-monitoring crew happens to be staying in one of their hotels, and several of the women can't resist the opportunity for congenial partying. Shirley neither defends nor criticizes them. She had hoped her leadership qualities and a shared desire for understanding would keep them all together, but a split occurs between the film crew and the non-professionals. China, in fact, is "getting" to them all. Shirley at the end knows that China and its new society isn't for her but it might well be for *them,* those 800 million who, prior to the "liberation," underwent starvation, privation, and exploitation.

Back home she knew what she had to do: be herself. She put together a song-and-dance act and opened it in Las Vegas. She wrote her book, making sure to blister, in words, the producer of her benighted series, Sheldon Leonard. She worked on the film, scheduled this time for *public* television, her own rebuttal to the asinine content of the commercial series. As the film makes clear, she is an excellent documentary reporter; the book reveals her to be a skilled writer, able to convey her intimate feelings and now and then an acerbic wit.

What's she up to now? She's at work on her first novel, and come July she'll be producing, and starring in, *Amelia,* a large-scale feature about Amelia Earhart. Pete Hamill, with whom she lives, wrote the script. Shirley, avoiding the studios, went out and raised her own production money—$6 million, most of it from Europe. She'll shoot the film all over the world, wherever Earhart went until that final flight. A most remarkable woman, person, Shirley MacLaine. Can you think of any other star, male or female, who has used celebrity in such a fashion? □

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WIT TWISTER NO. 43
Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.*

__ __ __ __ __ at cures both natural and rare,
I've __ __ __ __ __ our cuts with cobweb and with mold.
But though I've sought a cure for falling hair,
I'm __ __ __ __ __ like an egg—
and growing old. A. S.

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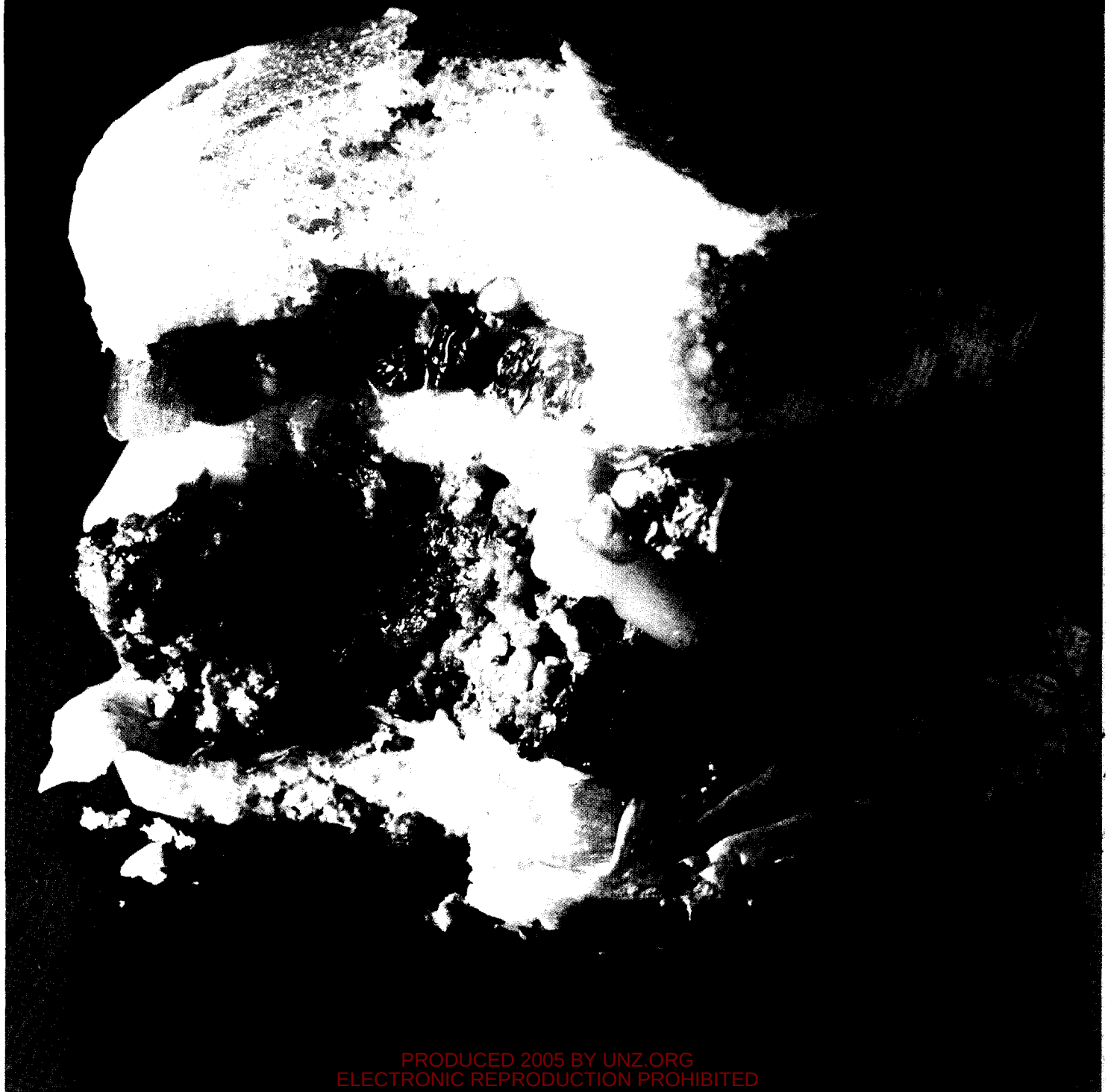
# Can't you spare a bite to save a life?



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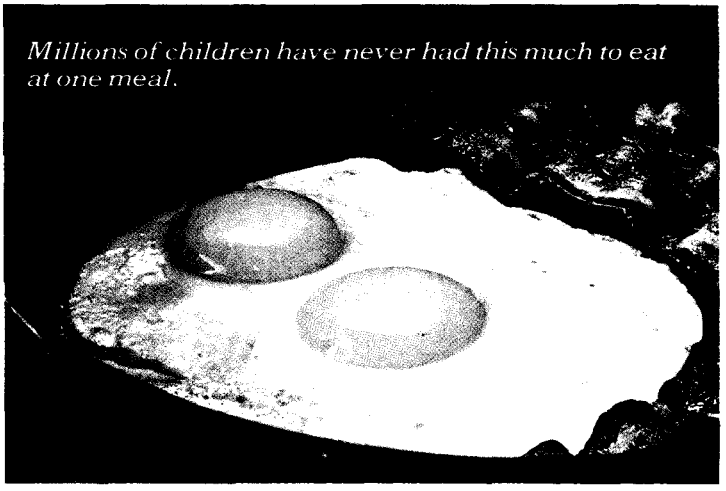
# The threat of severe malnutrition or even starvation faces 400 to 500 million children in poorer countries.



*Millions of children have never had this much to eat at one meal.*

So warns the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF). There exists so great a threat that for the first time in the 27 year history of the United Nations, UNICEF has declared a state of emergency for children living in the poor countries.

UNICEF estimates that 478 million children in some 60 countries are threatened by the present emergency. The global economic crisis has hit the poorest countries hardest, and many of them have suffered also from droughts, floods, fertilizer shortage and crop failures. These are some of the countries whose children are in greatest danger:

Afghanistan
Bangladesh
Botswana
Burundi
Bhutan
Central African Republic
Chad
Dahomey
Ethiopia
Guinea
Haiti
Honduras
India
Khmer Republic
Laos
Lesotho
Malawi
Maldives
Mali
Nepal
Niger
Pakistan
Philippines
Rwanda
Senegal
Sierra Leone
Sikkim
Somalia
Sri Lanka
Sudan
Togo
Tanzania
Uganda
Upper Volta
Western Samoa
Yemen

For far too many generations uncounted millions of children have grown, and many have died, in sub-human poverty. This was almost accepted as a fact of life, a permanent state of affairs. But today, even this shameful stability is threatened.

The most agonizing fact of this critical situation is that children and women in poor countries often receive the lesser share of what food is available so the family wage earner can eat enough to keep working.

Malnutrition is the biggest single contributor to infant and young child mortality in developing countries, where 25 to 30 percent die before the age of 4.

*Tens of thousands of children go blind each year for lack of the Vitamin A we take for granted in our fruits and vegetables.*

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In many parts of Africa almost every child under five suffers from some protein malnutrition.

In Latin America more than half of all childhood deaths are related to malnutrition.

In rural India about 80% of pre-school children suffer from "dwarfism", or stunted growth.

Child deaths in these countries are often attributed to disease when, in fact, the children were probably victims of malnutrition.

*"MANY COUNTRIES WILL BE IN DANGER OF HAVING TO REDUCE ALREADY MINIMAL BASIC SERVICES FOR CHILDREN, AFFECTING NOT ONLY THEIR NUTRITION BUT ALSO THEIR HEALTH, EDUCATION AND, MORE GENERALLY, THEIR PROSPECTS FOR LIFE."*

*Declaration of an emergency by the Executive Board of UNICEF on May 24, 1974*

Food surpluses have vanished, sending the price of available food skyrocketing. Every dollar currently available for food aid to poor nations buys less food. Every child whose very life depends on this aid will get less food, or none at all. Unless more dollars for food aid are available immediately... more children live in peril of death by starvation.

In many developing countries the lower income groups have been spending approximately 80% of their income on food. How can families that are not themselves food producers cope with retail price increases of 20% a year?

The present crisis came to world attention in 1972 when, due to a string of crop failures, output declined for the first time in 20 years—by 33 million tons.

Simultaneous with this sudden drop in production, a major producer, the United States, for internal reasons was winding down its large surplus stocks. The resulting shortage has doubled the price of grain on the international market.

In 1973 a decline in fertilizer production, prevailing since the end of 1972, resulted in high prices and physical shortage. The rise in petroleum prices aggravated the situation by reducing production of fertilizer based on natural gas. It also increased the cost of agricultural fuel.

Food aid shipments, which were 9.6 million tons in 1973, are down to about 5.5 million tons for 1974.

Wheat stocks are down from 49 million tons in 1972 to 15 million tons for 1974. Stocks in importing countries are sharply reduced.

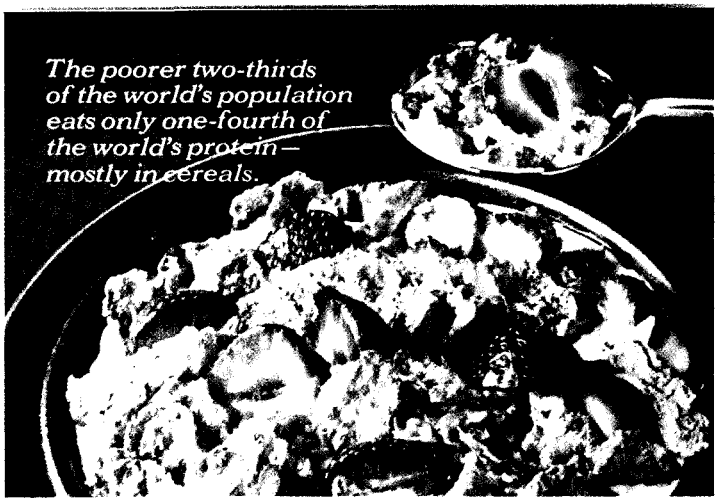
Rice stocks are now virtually exhausted.

If services for children are to be maintained and ultimately expanded, countries will need greatly increased external aid for a number of years to come.

*"AMERICANS HAVE BEEN LUCKY. FAMINE HAS USUALLY BEEN FAR FAR AWAY FROM US."*

*Walter Cronkite*

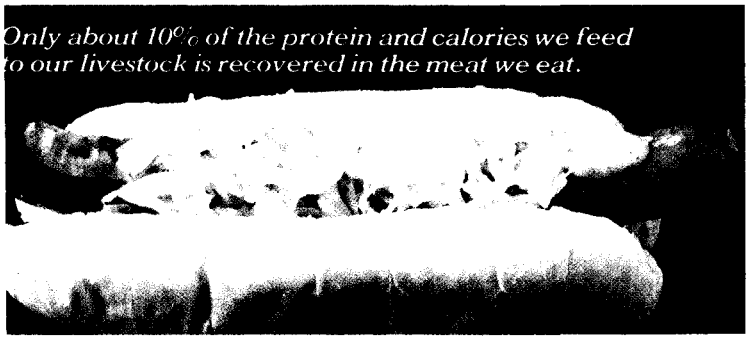
Here are some unsettling facts about the starvation crisis presented




by Walter Cronkite on the CBS Radio Network. "In the past, whenever we Americans read of still another outbreak of famine, we simply assumed our government could take care of it with our surplus food stocks, and then we turned to the sports pages. But not any more. Now there are more of us and, on the average, we're always eating better.

"There are virtually no government-held reserve food stocks left. The government no longer orders acreage withheld from planting. We need all the food we can get. Last winter, in order to help out with world relief, in some cases, instead of dipping into reserves, our government had to purchase foodstuffs on the world market, which, of course, added to the inflationary pressures on food prices we had to pay.

"This year our Administration faces a larger version of last winter's dilemma: whether to send more food




abroad, where it's desperately needed, when such action inevitably will keep food prices up at home. For the foreseeable future, the world's poor and starving will no longer be fed at separate tables from our surpluses. Instead, the haves and have-nots of the world will be competing for the same food stocks on the same market."

Higher food prices may be hard to swallow. But American parents can generally take comfort in the fact that their children will always have enough food to swallow; a comfort that will never be experienced by millions of mothers throughout the world.

We are one of a small number of nations — favored with an advanced technology — whose children are the world's most fortunate. They will have longer and healthier lives than people in the developing countries.

*"WE ARE AMONG THE WORLD'S ONE BILLION RICHER PEOPLE WHO USE ALMOST AS MUCH CEREAL TO FATTEN THE LIVESTOCK THEY EAT AS THE TWO BILLION PEOPLE IN THE POOR NATIONS EAT DIRECTLY AS FOOD."*

*Dr. Jean Mayer, Professor of Nutrition, Harvard University.*

"We have to realize that there are two essential sources of pressure on the food supply. One, which everybody talks about, is the increase of population, and that certainly has got to plateau at some point, or else we'll never have enough food. But there is another increasing source of pressure which people underestimate, which is that as countries become richer, the meat consumption jumps up — to a fantastic degree.

"We feed about 210 million people in the United States with an amount of grain, which, if we were on a Chinese diet, would feed about a billion Chinese. If we had two meatless days a week, we would be feeding another person, very easily.

"There's every good reason from the point of view of health why we should cut down our consumption of animal products. And we would at the same time free enormous amounts of grain for the constitution of famine stocks elsewhere."

*"THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO ACT QUICKLY."*

*Henry R. Labouisse, Executive Director, UNICEF.*

"Great need and real suffering may result before preventative action can be taken if left to the normal schedules of planning, action and implementation."

UNICEF, with experience and expertise in helping children in emergencies, is taking immediate action, alerting governments and agencies worldwide about the critical need for action.

With sufficient resources, UNICEF can offer practical help to the countries most seriously affected. It can help governments establish nutrition programs, train parents and community leaders to increase local food production and support emergency child feeding projects.

Unlike other parts ot the United Nations system, however, the Children's Fund is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions from governments and people.

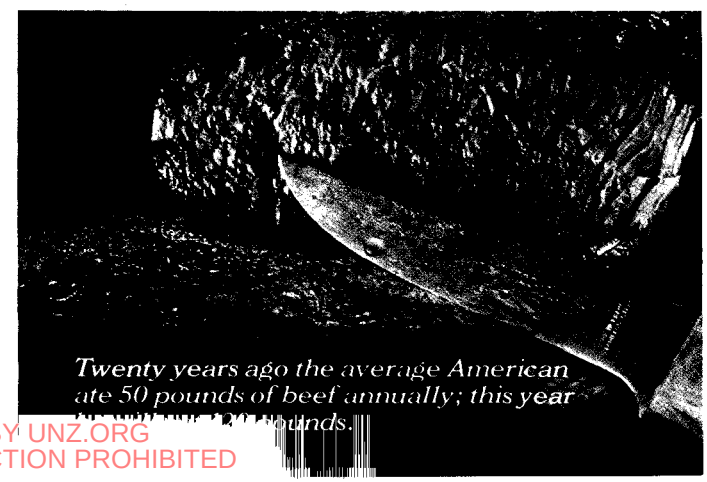
UNICEF hopes to receive $100 million or more next year from government contributions, greeting card sales and Halloween "trick or treat" collections to spend on its "normal" aid to children and mothers.

But, to help meet the special emergency needs, UNICEF must find an additional $80 million in the next 12 to 15 months.

During the time it takes for appeals for help to funnel through government and agency channels, must the mothers and children in danger live each day on more hope than nourishment? Every precious day without help is another day lived with hunger.

Shouldn't we, couldn't we, being among the most abundantly fed people of the world, act today and bring comfort to the children one day sooner than tomorrow? One day sooner than too late?

*NO MATTER HOW GRAVE THE CRISIS, NO GOVERNMENT OR AGENCY CAN ACT AS SWIFTLY AS AN INDIVIDUAL CAN ACT. YOU ARE THE CHILDREN'S MAIN HOPE FOR SURVIVAL AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME.*

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# These children don't need your sympathy. They need your help, and immediately. Today. While there's so much hunger. Please do something now. There's so little time. Can't you spare a bite...can't you spare a minute... to save a life?

~ Make a direct contribution with the enclosed coupon.

~ Contact your local civic, religious or social group about organizing a fund raising event.

~ Contact your local school about distributing these brochures in your area or staging a fund raising event.

~ Write to your Congressmen stressing the urgency of getting international children's aid allocations increased.

~ Write to your local newspaper with your ideas about what individuals might do to help during the crisis. Urge them to publish it.

~ Contact your local radio and television stations asking for publicity about events you and your neighbors are undertaking to raise funds.

~ Remind members of your family or organization to "Spare a Bite" for the world's children.

FREE copies of this brochure for local distribution will be sent to you upon request. Use the coupon below.

We think you should know that only one dollar, the average cost of a hamburger, french fries and soda, isn't only one dollar.

$1 is a year's supply of multi-vitamins for a child in a crisis country.

$15 can bring supplementary food and health services to 5 malnourished children for a month in some developing countries.

$66 can buy a deep well hand pump to provide water for drinking and irrigation in drought-stricken areas.

Please take time to send your contribution today.

*The United States Committee for* UNICEF
*331 East 38th Street, New York, New York 10016*

Spare a bite for UNICEF
331 East 38th Street
New York, New York 10016

Enclosed is my contribution of $_____to help UNICEF help children in the developing countries.

I am organizing à fund raising event for UNICEF in my community. Please send me_____additional copies of this brochure.

NAME_____

ORGANIZATION_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

*This brochure was funde by friends of the U.S. Committee for UNICEF and prepared by Lord, Geller, Federico, . Photography by Henry Sandbank*

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# Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

## The Operatic Career and How It Prospers (or Doesn't)

J. Heffernan

J. Heffernan

*Jon Vickers and Birgit Nilsson in Wagner's* Die Walküre—*"Together they make at least a six-horsepower team."*

Two of opera's most illustrious career women have recently been seen and heard at the Metropolitan as performers of roles in which they are new to the New York public. One was the great Birgit Nilsson, who made herself available, in the enforced absence of Leonie Rysanek, to sing Sieglinde in Wagner's *Die Walküre* (a part out of her repertory since 1957). The other was the comparably great Leontyne Price, who took on the title role of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut,* which she performed for the first time in San Francisco last fall.

As they have in common such parts as Tosca, Amelia in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera,* Aida, and Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* it is conceivable that they could have reversed options. Miss Price could have geared herself up to Sieglinde, and Miss Nilsson could have wound down her output to the needs of another Puccini role. Nonsense, some may contend—whoever heard of a Brünnhilde as Manon Lescaut? Granted: But how many fine Aidas were also good Manons? When you have mentioned Renata Tebaldi, you have about exhausted the list—and Manon Lescaut was far from comfortable for her. The result showed all too clearly that one artist (Nilsson) was soundly on course, and the other (Price) hasn't learned, after 15 years, what is operatically right for her.

In going back to a role she hadn't sung for nearly 20 years, Miss Nilsson made a blend of the past and the present in a typically personal, wholly artistic way. Doubtless her view of Sieglinde has changed over those years. But the common conception of Sieglinde as a pliant reed, ready to bend to the wishes of the ardent stranger who turns out to be her brother, is by no means the whole of the character. It should not be forgotten that Siegmund acts to end the affair before it has started by saying: "I cannot stay here, because I will only bring unhappiness." He is deterred from leaving when Sieglinde answers: "You cannot bring unhappiness to a house in which it already abides."

It is this tragic side of Sieglinde that finds particular fulfillment in Nilsson's strongly shaped, deliberately non-glamorous characterization of a woman forced to serve as the wife of the brutish Hunding. The sound at her disposal tends to overpower some of the more lyric phrases in act 1. But she has, in abundance, the means to match the emotional tidal wave Wagner releases (*"O hehrstes Wunder"*) when Sieglinde learns it is her destiny to bear the fallen Siegmund's son, Siegfried. Such an outcry hasn't been heard from a Sieglinde since the days of such other Sieglinde-Brünnhildes as Kirsten Flagstad, Marjorie Lawrence, Helen Traubel, and more recently, Régine Crespin. Like them, Nilsson knows it is the same Wagnerian phrase with which the long, unhappy saga of the *Ring* concludes, six acts and two music dramas later. Into her delivery of it goes the full thrust of the promise, and the heartbreak, to come.

It is the good fortune of the New York public, which has reacted avidly to the first Metropolitan *Ring* since 1961–62, that the powerful Sieglinde of Miss Nilsson is being heard in partnership with Jon Vickers, the contemporary Siegmund best able to stand up to it. Together they make at least a six-horsepower team, to offset the lack of pulling power for the Wagnerian vehicle in the other principals. Thomas Stewart is an intelligent, vocally undersized

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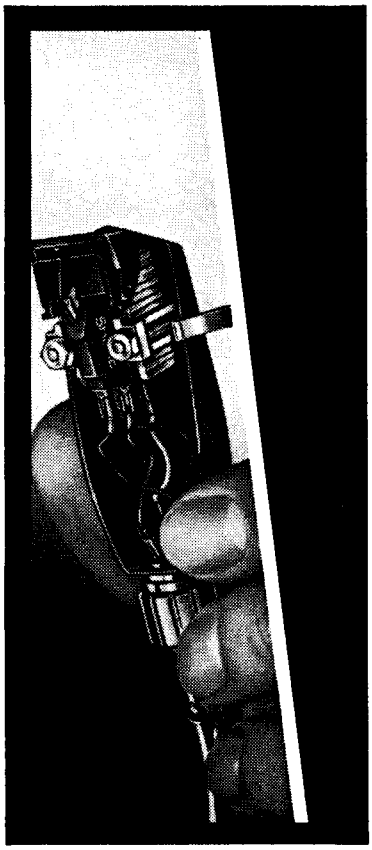

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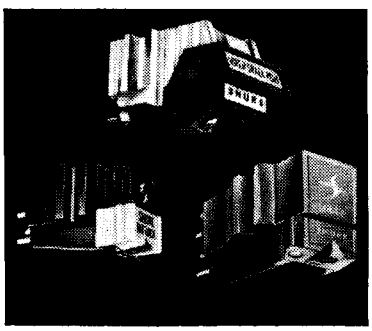

Wotan, Berit Lindholm a new Brünnhilde of appealing personality and uneven vocal resource, and Mignon Dunn a finely focused Fricka (in her dramatic action), who strives for a sound bigger than she commands. Bengt Rundgren was an imposing Hunding in voice and size. Conductor Sixten Ehrling kept the course steady but did little to assert the strong leadership that would have carried the whole performance to the Nilsson-Vickers level. Wolfgang Weber's staging of the action in the production designed by Herbert von Karajan introduced some interesting details (especially with the Valkyries); but it also encouraged the performers too often to address the audience rather than each other.

FOR THE MISMATCH of Miss Price and Manon Lescaut, the common view of those in the semi-know would be to blame it on managerial "miscasting." Miss Price did, indeed, have more than a fair share of that in an earlier phase of her career, when she was argued into such unsuitable assignments as Minnie in Puccini's *La Fanciulla del West,* Tatiana in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin,* and Fiordiligi in Mozart's *Così fan tutte.* Those were customary gambits of a producer with a project, in need of a box-office "name." Now the circumstances are reversed: Producers, West and East, are readily agreeable to any project for which Miss Price considers *herself* qualified. It is sure to pay off at the ticket window, if not otherwise.

It is all too evident that Miss Price hasn't squarely appraised her own talents and set a course that will be good for her today, tomorrow, and five years from now. In undertaking the part of the giddy, ambivalent young Manon, Miss Price has done to herself what her worst enemy could not make her do: disserve her own interest. The well-known story concerns an innocent country miss who has been induced by her brother to become the ward of the elderly rich Géronte, who will teach her to be a lady—and, of course, also a woman. The plan miscarries to the extent that Géronte is elbowed out by the young, adventurous Des Grieux. He takes care of one immediate detail—converting the miss into a mistress—but his financial means are inadequate for Manon's expensive tastes. Géronte is only too willing to accept bygones and to condition Manon for her future as a lady. She is, however, still susceptible to Des Grieux's appeal, which prompts the no longer indulgent Géronte to send her on the way to banishment in Louisiana. Des Grieux's passion drives him to accompany Manon to her death in the wilderness beyond New Orleans.

Difficulties set in for Miss Price almost as soon as she came on the scene in act 1. The scene is Amiens, where Manon arrives by coach: Miss Price's action suggests she has just arrived by bus from someplace suburban to Atlanta, Ga. In act 2, when she reacts adversely to the dancing master, the music teacher, and others engaged to teach her the manners of the court, her pantomime suggests a backstairs mockery of the daughter of the house "getting culture." Maybe this is Miss Price's conception of doing it "her way": But it was a way a century out of keeping with the plot conceived by the Abbé Prévost, and half a globe away from the scene of the action.

Vocally, Miss Price has all the voice that is required to make a fine Manon Lescaut, but it was insufficiently shaped to the needs of the music by conductor Peter Herman Adler. Her sound was too heavy for acts 1 and 2; even so, she should have sung the first showpiece of the role (*"In quelle trine morbide"*) better than she did (with more flexibility, grace, and stylistic sense). The voice and the music came closer together as the performance progressed, in large part because the tragic turn of the story prompted Puccini to a broader line and a bigger scale of expression. But, as of now, the result misserved not only Puccini and Miss Price, but also the admirably conceived Des Grieux of John Alexander. He had all the command of his voice that his co-star didn't.

Miss Price has a substantial list of operatic achievements to her credit: a fine Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; a strong Amelia in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera,* and a strong Leonora in *La Forza del Destino*; an excellent Cio-Cio-San in Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*; a more than competent Tosca; and, of course, a historically outstanding Aida. As of fall 1972 (*SR*, September 9, 1972) she thought of herself as a countess in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro,* a Marschallin in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier,* or a Kaiserin in *Die Frau ohne Schatten.* Any of these would be a step forward for her: Manon Lescaut, if not a step backward, is certainly off her main career line. Let's hope she finds her way back to it . . . soon. □

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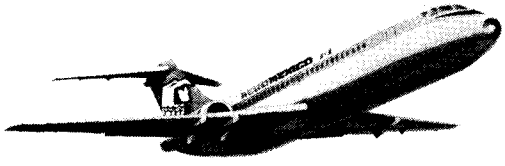

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Photography

# Short Tales of Brief Exposure

by Margaret R. Weiss

(from *Frontier America* exhibit: collection of Mrs. C. L. Bybee)

Frederike Recknagel: *Daughter Luisa*

Once upon a time there were hundreds of late-nineteenth-century snapshots that lived in a cupboard belonging to their maker, a Texas housewife named Frederike Recknagel. She took good care of them, but after she went to *her* Maker in 1956, they were banished from the house. Fifty managed to survive and now reside with their godmother in Houston. Through her generosity (and grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and from Philip Morris, Inc.) they are traveling with the *Frontier America* exhibition. Moving westward from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, they will be at the Denver Art Museum April 16 to June 1. Thereafter they will visit San Diego, Kansas City, and Milwaukee, and tour Europe in 1976.

(from *The Family Album*)

Tilton/Record: *Cutting Ice on Nezinscot River*

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a turn-of-the-century snapshot, and along with its assorted relatives (close-up and distant) it lived in a family album in Buckfield, Maine. In its youth it was neglected, but many years later it was rescued by a documentary photographer named Mark Silber, who took it to an album-minded publisher. It lives happily ever after with all its relatives between hard and soft covers in *The Family Album* (Godine).

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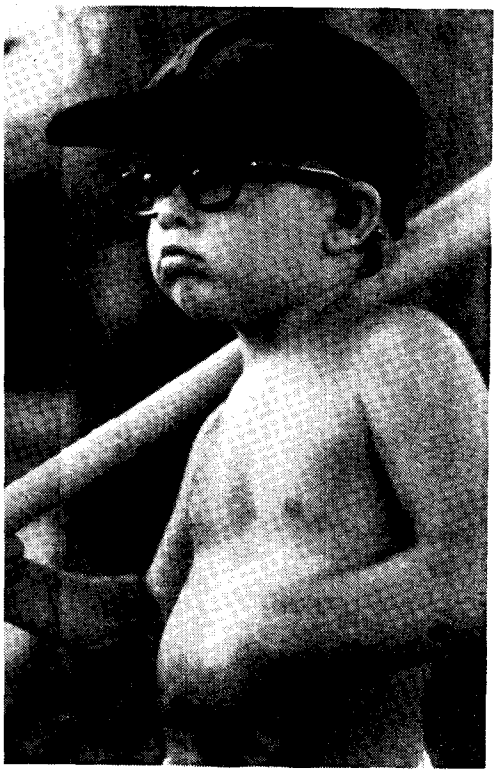
Garry Blagg



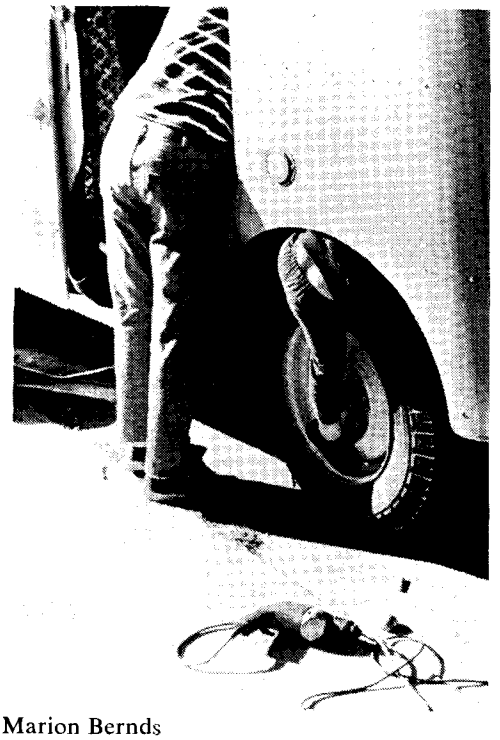
Joel I. Greenfield

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little 1974 snapshot—in fact, there were more than a quarter of a million of them—entered in the annual Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Awards. After competing in local "beauty" contests, it went on to meet a national jury, which opened the door to fame and fortune. Among 262 travel and cash awards, first prize is a month-long trip around the world plus $1,000 in pocket (or pocket Instamatic?) money.

*(Continued on next page.)*

*Editor's Note*—As this issue was going to press, we spotted an announcement for a forthcoming Sunday sermon at a mid-Manhattan church. The subject: "Snapshots of the Master from John's Album." (Sorry, no pictures available!)

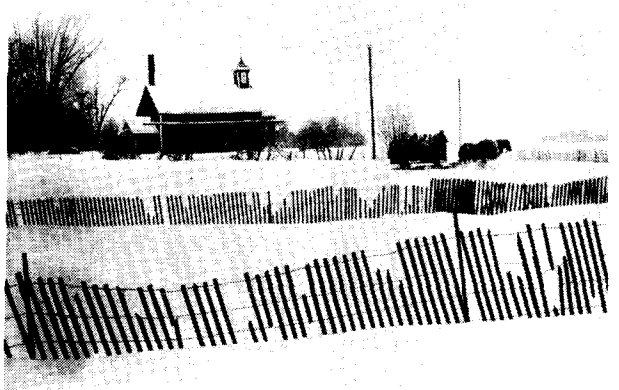
*All photos on this page from 1974 Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Awards*



Marion Bernds

Margaret Sawyer Vick (first prize)

Joan G. Anderson



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Emmet Gowin (from *The Snapshot*)

*(Continued from page 41.)*

ONCE UPON A TIME the snapshot was a simple keepsake image made by the Sunday picture-taker. Then came the revolution. Photography's "primitive" was acclaimed for its enviable "innocence toward the medium." Historians and critics in Cameraland applauded the unposed, unstructured view of everyday experience for its immediacy and rich detail, its spontaneity and vitality. Now it is both a "way of seeing" and a "style" of expression. In celebration, *Aperture* has brought out *The Snapshot*, a provocative anthology of essays, interviews, and portfolios, edited by Jonathan Green. Pinpointing such photographers as Emmet Gowin, Lee Friedlander, Garry Winogrand, Henry Wessel, among others, Green concludes: "Their intentional pursuit of the plastic controls and visual richness hinted at in the work of the amateur, or their explorations of familial subject matter, involves their work with the ongoing tradition of the home snapshot." *Moral of this tale:* Be it ever so humble, the home snapshot has come a long way, baby! □

Garry Winogrand (from *The Snapshot*)



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## BRIEF CHRONICLES

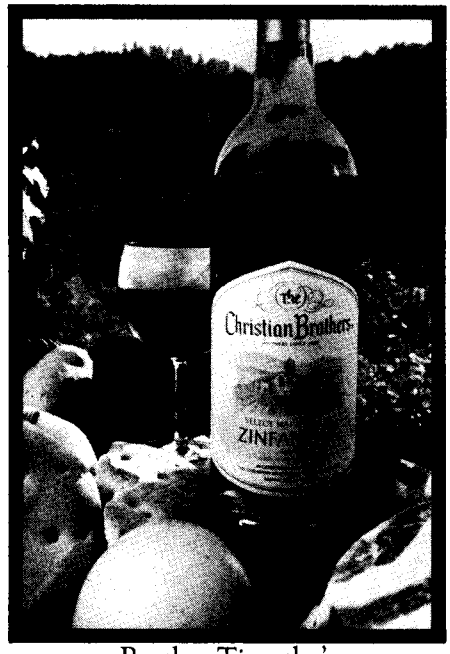
In the Off-Broadway version of *The Hot l Baltimore* (now metamorphosed into a TV sitcom) Lanford Wilson used a run-down hotel and a deteriorating train service as symbols of American decay. Now in his latest play, **The Mound Builders,** it is a brand-new Holiday Inn and an Interstate Highway that are about to destroy an important archeological treasure from an eighth-century Indian civilization. There are two protagonists. One, Chad Jasker, is a rough and lusty local lad who is looking forward to the prosperity this new construction will bring him. The other, Dan Loggins, is a young archeologist with the capacity to excite his students about our country's distant past. Around them are Dan's pregnant wife; an impassive and probably impotent professor of archeology; the professor's wife, who is openly having an ignominious love affair with Chad; and the professor's crippled sister, Delia, a famous novelist who has stopped writing. Delia's acid comments, superbly dropped by Tanya Berezin, have a liveliness the rest of the play lacks. What is needed is stronger and more colorful characterizations of Chad and Dan, as two champions of passion opposing a society that is going flaccid. Fortunately, Wilson is rewriting *The Mound Builders*, and the Circle Repertory Company will present the revised version in New York this summer.

Michael Weller's **Fishing,** as staged at the Off-Broadway Public Theater, offers a postgraduate glimpse of the same turned-off generation we met in the author's previous piece, *Moonchildren.* Here, too, the characters (now in their late 20s) are unkempt and aimless. One of them has an impractical ambition to buy a boat and make his living as a fisherman. But the fishing trip soon gives way to the peyote trip, which brings out some truth and some strange behavior. At the end there is the suggestion that the frustrated fisherman is going to face the future a little less romantically. Although the play is frail and never steers for long in any particular direction, Weller's ironically funny dialogue keeps the evening nicely afloat.

**Mother Courage and Her Children** is being given an extraordinary production at the Off-Off-Broadway Performing Garage. As translated by Ralph Manheim, Brecht's play is staged in the round without the famous old rolling canteen one had always thought absolutely essential. Instead, the Performance Group uses a variety of rope and harness arrangements to suggest the enslavement of Mother Courage to her bad-humor wagon. Similarly, an ingeniously rigged ladder makes possible a spectacular death scene for the daughter. And to give the audience a feeling of the winter vicissitudes of the Thirty Years' War, director Richard Schechner opens a large door and performs most of the last half-hour on the street. The performers—including Joan MacIntosh, who alternates between a passive sweetness and a vigorous pragmatism in the leading role—are all versatile and audacious.

A recent production of the same play at the McCarter Theatre in Princeton, N.J., used the Eric Bentley translation but substituted new, less strident songs by David Raksin for the original Dessau score. In a traditional but absolutely stunning setting designed by David Jenkins, director Michael Kahn found a splendid halfway point between musical comedy and grim didacticism. Eileen Heckart played Mother Courage with her own special mixture of sardonic comedy and understated tragedy. This is a production that should be saved and done again elsewhere.

HENRY HEWES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# Due Process for the Unruly Student

**A controversial Supreme Court ruling guarantees the student facing temporary suspension the right to know the charge and the right to respond to it.**

by Fred M. Hechinger

On January 22, 1975, the Supreme Court ruled by a narrow majority of five to four that unless their presence poses a physical threat, students cannot be temporarily suspended from school for misconduct, without some attention to due process. "At the very minimum," wrote Mr. Justice White for the majority, "students facing suspension . . . must be given *some* kind of notice and afforded *some* kind of hearing [the Court's italics]."

The case of *Goss* v. *Lopez* had arisen from a 10-day suspension of nine high-school students in Columbus, Ohio, in the aftermath of general student unrest early in 1971. At least 75 other students in one school alone had been suspended on the same day, and the suit represented a class action to test the larger principle.

A three-judge federal court held that the students' rights to due process had been violated. The school administration, in appealing the decision, claimed that due process was not at issue because the students had no constitutional right to an education at public expense, and also because "the loss of 10 days . . . is neither severe nor grievous."

Individual involvement in the disorders varied. One student had physically assaulted a police officer in the principal's presence. At least one other claimed to have been an innocent bystander.

The Court's ruling that students about to be punished have a right to know the charges against them, as well as to respond to them, would not appear to be a case of judicial extremism. It is a measure of the historic view of students' rights that the decision aroused the four dissenting justices to warn that the future of the public schools might be placed in jeopardy by their colleagues' permissiveness. This view of the conservative justices—a solid front of Nixon appointees—moreover was vigorously endorsed by Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers.

The wide gap of opinion within the Court accurately reflects some basic popular disagreements about the function of discipline and the place of the child in school and society.

When Horace Mann, in 1843, reported after a European inspection tour that throughout his travels he had not seen a blow struck by a teacher and suggested that America's stern pedagogy might be softened, the prestigious masters of the Boston grammar schools denounced him as a corrupter of moral and educational standards. Discipline, they said, is "the cornerstone of all order."

In a modern extension of Mann's spirit, the Court's majority suggested that "young people do not shed their constitutional rights at the schoolhouse door." The schools, said the liberal justices, are far from unerring, and since "risk of error is not at all trivial," it should be guarded against, albeit "without prohibitive cost and interference with the educational process."

Culver

*"Young people do not shed the*

To require formal hearings or representation by counsel would clearly entail such cost and constitute such interference, and the Court stressed that it did not intend to make school discipline the latest bonanza for lawyers. Recognizing that "our schools are vast and complex," and that order is essential, the Court accepted suspension as an appropriate tool for maintaining order, conceding further that the suspensions under review "were imposed during a time of great difficulty for the school administrations. . . ."

The liberal majority was not willing to concede, however, that in order to run their schools efficiently, administrators need to be freed from all requirements of due process. "We hold only," the opinion said, "that, in being given an opportunity to explain his version of the facts, . . . the student first be told what he is accused of doing and what the basis of the accusation is."

The obvious question is why such a moderate position should have to be argued at all, let alone before the Supreme Court, and why either the school administrators or the dissenting justices would be so alarmed by it. The answer to that question may in part be found in a flashback, not only to Horace Mann but also to a scene from Fred Wiseman's 1968 documentary *The High School.* In it a bedraggled boy stands before a beefy dean of discipline in one of Philadelphia's best schools. The student meekly protests his innocence of an offense for which his teacher has ordered him punished. When told brusquely to take the matter up with the teacher, the boy replies despairingly that the teacher

*Fred M. Hechinger is on the editorial board of* The New York Times *and co-author of the forthcoming book* Growing Up in America *(McGraw-Hill).*



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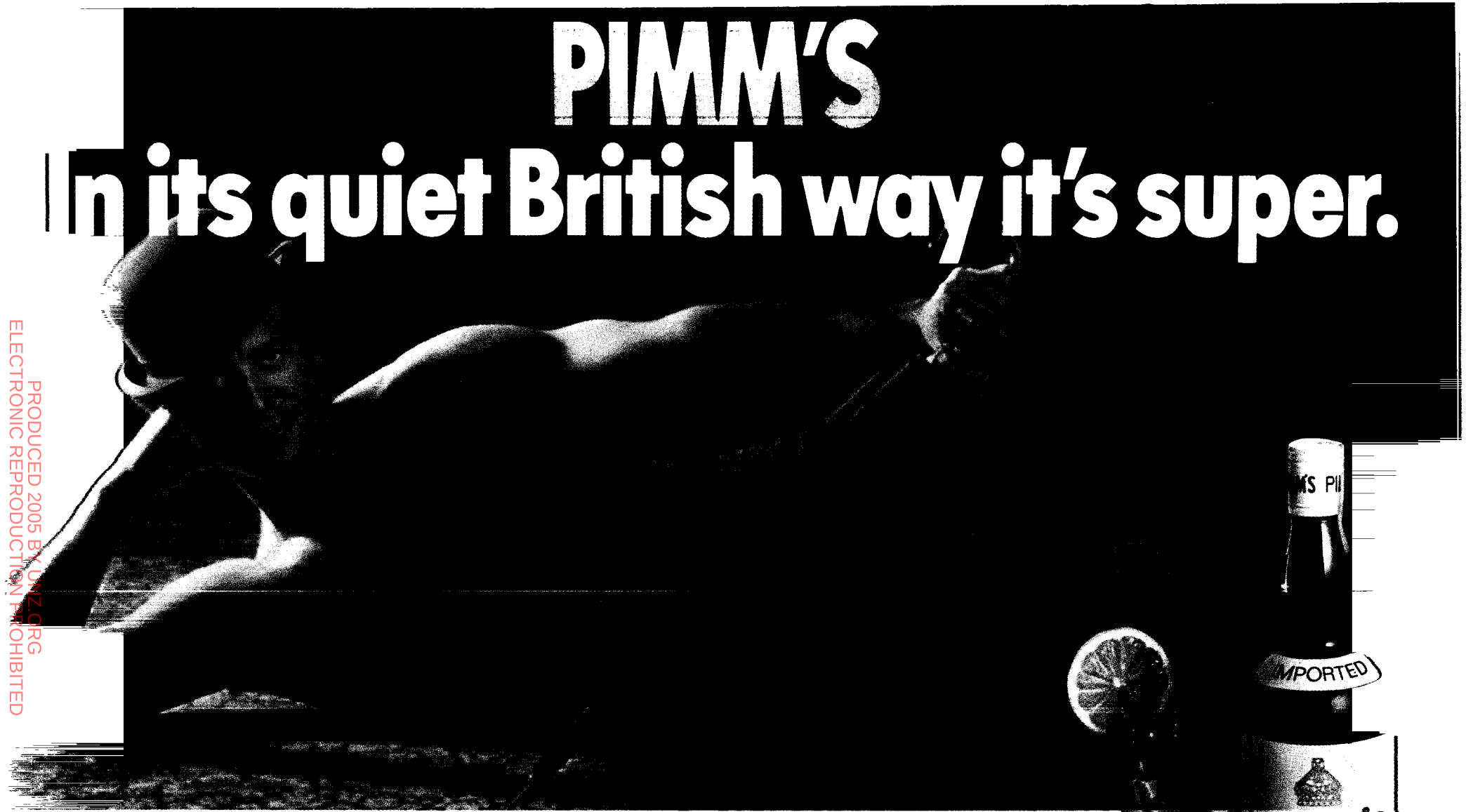

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*istitutional rights at the schoolhouse door."*

has already refused to listen. Well, then, take your punishment like a man, growls the disciplinarian. In the end, resigned, the youngster submits to the penalty "under protest."

Now, the disciplinarian tells the alleged culprit approvingly, he has finally shown some character. In reality, what that boy had shown was a disillusioned readiness to submit to adult "justice."

The dissenting conservative justices in the Ohio case expressed less concern over the effect of unfair penalties on children than over the ruling's impact on law and order. "No one can foresee the ultimate frontiers of the new 'thicket' the Court now enters," they said gloomily, echoing the pessimism of the Boston masters in the nineteenth century. In a lengthy opinion prepared by Mr. Justice Powell, himself a former school board member, they accused their liberal brethren of an "unprecedented intrusion" that "may affect adversely the quality of education."

The minority's view of justice as applied to children cuts to the heart of the controversy. "Education," wrote Mr. Justice Powell, "in any meaningful sense includes the inculcation of an understanding in each pupil of the necessity of rules and obedience thereto."

Deeming such inculcation "no less important than learning to read and write," the dissenters added: "In an age when the home and church play a diminishing role in shaping the character and value judgments of the young, a heavier responsibility falls upon the schools." They concluded from this social commentary on the shaping of characters—in the spirit of Wiseman's dean of discipline—that "the classroom is the laboratory in which this lesson of life is best learned."

It was John Dewey, hardly the conservative justices' favorite philosopher, who first developed the theory of the classroom as life's laboratory. But Dewey would have been shaken by the suggestion that in such a laboratory children ought to learn how to submit to unfair discipline as part of the "lesson of life."

None of this is to imply that the conservative justices are ogres who hate children. They merely seem to suffer from an excess of faith in the educational Establishment and from a romantic notion about its relationship with students—"an ongoing relationship, one in which the teacher must occupy many roles—educator, adviser, friend, and, at times, parent substitute. It is rarely adversary in nature. . . ."

In an interesting sidelight, the contest also exposed a sharp division between the two great teachers' organizations—the National Education Association and Mr. Shanker's federation.

The NEA, which in its past had often represented the conservative Establishment, in recent years has identified increasingly with the liberal view of education and society, often in response to the non-white minorities' battle for equal rights. Having joined the suspended students as a friend-of-the-court, the NEA hailed the ruling as a "great victory in the . . . fight to bring about equal educational opportunity and fair treatment of all students."

In contrast, Mr. Shanker expressed concern that many who supported the students' case seemed bent on curtailing the rights of teachers. Most American teachers, he felt, "will be saddened to find that their task has been made more difficult by the actions of one of their own teacher organizations," namely, the NEA.

One pedagogical aspect of the case, apparently overlooked during the debate in and out of court, is the inherent contradiction in the use of temporary suspensions as a disciplinary measure. Can depriving students of instruction for a number of days fail to aggravate their—and their teachers'—problems after they return to class? Having fallen behind in their work, these students are more likely to act out their added frustrations and become a greater burden to their teachers.

While Mr. Shanker is entirely justified in demanding that chronically disruptive or disturbed students be removed permanently from the regular school setting and educated in institutions equipped to deal with them, it is difficult to see the logic of temporary suspensions as a response to misbehavior. The only way to make such a response even more counterproductive may well be to allow it to be given arbitrarily, without minimal protection of the "defendant's" right to a fair hearing. There is a judicial as well as a pedagogical contradiction in the view that the schools as the institutional symbol of a society under law can teach what they do not practice. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 30

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.* *Answer on page 61.*

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# "I No Understand the Teacher"

## For many new immigrant children with little or no understanding of English, the great American school myth can be a heartbreaking fantasy.

by Susan Jacoby

Domenica Banca is a 17-year-old high-school student whose family immigrated to the United States three years ago from a small town in southern Italy. Although she spoke no English when she arrived, she now has a 90 average at her Brooklyn high school and hopes to study architecture in college. "At school in Italy," she says, "you were always made to feel a sense of inferiority if you came from a poor family. I sensed this—I knew that I would have to work hard for a good grade, but the son of a doctor would get the same grade even if he was stupid. When we came to America, I didn't know what to expect. I was afraid at first, but then I saw my teachers cared about my work, not about my family's social position. I began to change inside—I became more self-confident, more sure that I could do things in life."

In another area of the city—New York's Chinatown—16-year-old Johnny Lo can barely talk about his experiences at school because he has learned so little English in the five years since his family left Hong Kong. "My parents come here," he says, "because we hear high school cost nothing. But I learn . . . no much. I no understand the teacher; she no understand me. My mother is very sad. I work in the restaurant. I forget the word—I am shame. My family come here for me, but I no understand the school."

These two teenagers are part of the heaviest flow of immigrants to the United States since the vast migration from Europe in the last two decades of the nineteenth and the first two decades of the twentieth century. Most Americans tend to regard immigration as a historical phenomenon that ended around World War I; the old immigration was in fact halted in 1924 by a restrictive law that established a discriminatory system of "national quotas." In 1965 President Lyndon Johnson signed a law at the foot of the Statue of Liberty that abolished the old quota system and opened the doors for many more immigrants from Asia, southern Europe, and the Caribbean. Last year more than 400,000 legal immigrants entered the country, along with an undetermined number of illegal immigrants. (Puerto Ricans, who are American citizens, are not included in immigration figures.) With the exception of farm workers, immigrants settle where they always have—in or near large cities. New York is still the largest immigrant center in the nation, although Los Angeles has a mushrooming population of legal and illegal Mexican as well as Asian immigrants. Other cities with large immigrant populations are Miami, San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland, Houston, San Antonio, and Gary, Ind.

Many of these immigrants—especially those who had acceptable jobs in their native lands—made the decision to come to the United States because they wanted a better education for their children. The American schools, beset by financial problems and failures with children from disadvantaged backgrounds, are viewed from a different perspective by new immigrants. In the first place, American schools are free. Tuition for high schools in Hong Kong, for example, is several hundred dollars a year—a sum far beyond the means of most ordinary workers. And money is not the only educational barrier in many of the countries that send large numbers of immigrants to the United States. Many blue-collar workers in Italy and Greece dream of a university education for their children, but they also tend to believe that higher education is reserved for students whose parents are politicians or white-collar professionals.

"I am a carpenter," explains Meletais Dagres, a Greek who arrived in the United States a year ago. "And I am not ashamed of this—it is good work. But my father was also a carpenter. My wife has no education. I don't want this life for my children. In Greece I made it my business to inquire about the possibilities for the education of my children. Did you know that last year 54,000 Greek students passed the examinations to qualify for the university, but there are places for only 10 percent of them? When you get your high-school diploma in Greece, it is written right down on the paper that your father is a carpenter.

"Why should that be? A diploma should tell what kind of a student you are, not what your father does. With places for only 10 percent of the students, who do you think gets into a university—the son of a government official, a doctor, or a carpenter?"

THE NEW IMMIGRANTS are the latest inheritors of one of the most persistent myths of American life: that the public school has served as the chief instrument of assimilation and upward mobility for newcomers to this country. Like all myths that help define a community, the school myth is a compound of fantasy and reality. Experiences like those of Domenica Banca, who will be the first member of her family to attend college, have confirmed the positive side of the myth for generations of Americans. However, the sense of frustration and failure expressed by Johnny Lo has been an equally important part of the immi-

Culver

*A welcome sight—"New immigrants have much higher educational aspirations."*

*Susan Jacoby, a free-lance writer, has an Alicia Patterson fellowship and is doing research on new immigrants to the U.S.*



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grant experience with American education during the past 100 years.

The school myth was most frequently invoked during the Sixties by critics of urban education who asked, "Why can't the schools do for the blacks what they did for the immigrants?" In large measure, the answer to the question is that the schools never accomplished as much for immigrants as Americans thought they did. Implicit in the question-accusation of the Sixties was the conviction that most immigrants overcame their initial language difficulties, did well in school, and used their education to move quickly into the mainstream of American life. In reality, the only immigrants who made consistent, effective use of the schools in the first and second generations were East European Jews. For most immigrants, entry into American society was facilitated not by books, but by unskilled labor. The school myth has always been an integral part of the larger myth of the American melting pot and, like the melting-pot thesis itself, is now being subjected to a long-overdue re-evaluation. The highly divergent experiences of immigrant groups in the schools 100 years ago have played a significant role in the ethnic differences that are reasserting themselves in American life today.

Immigrants at the turn of the century entered schools that were considerably less attuned to their needs than modern schools are to the needs of blacks, Puerto Ricans, and other minority groups. Children were thrown into classes where they were expected to learn English by osmosis; no one had ever heard of "English as a second language" or "bilingual education." Everyone went to neighborhood elementary schools, and many youngsters—especially immigrants—attended schools that were as ethnically segregated as today's schools are racially segregated.

When statistics on dropouts were recorded, they demonstrated the limitations of education as a motivating force in the lives of the immigrants and their children. In 1911 an ethnic breakdown of New York high-school graduates reported such a small percentage of Italian-Americans with diplomas that they were regarded as "statistically insignificant." Irish-Americans followed with only 0.1 percent graduating from high school, Americans of British descent with 10.8 percent, and German-Americans with 15 percent. The highest proportion of high-school graduates—16 percent—were of Russian origin. Most of the Jewish immigrants who arrived after 1880 were included in the "Russian" category. (The study is cited by Diane Ravitch, a fellow at Teachers College, Columbia University, in *The Great School Wars: New York City, 1805–1973.*) More importantly, the educational patterns of the old immigrants continued to influence their descendants for several generations. The open-admissions program of the City University of New York has dramatically increased the number of third-, fourth-, and fifth-generation Italian-Americans and Irish-Americans in the city's public colleges. Many opponents of the program had assumed that it would benefit only blacks and Puerto Ricans.

In many respects, immigrants today fare better in the public schools than their predecessors did at the turn of the century. They are benefiting from programs, such as bilingual classes, that have been established in response to demands from native Americans who want the schools to acknowledge the varying needs and cultural backgrounds of their students. However, new immigrants are at a particular disadvantage: Most Americans do not realize they exist.

No one really knows how many first-generation immigrants are attending the public schools, but the numbers are substantial in urban areas throughout the nation. Many school systems have failed to evaluate the impact of continuing immigration. In Los Angeles, with its huge Mexican-American population, school officials and teachers frequently fail to distinguish between Mexican immigrants who arrived yesterday and Chicanos who have been in the United States for several generations. The lack of distinction between new immigrants and the descendants of old immigrants is also apparent in many California and New York schools with large numbers of Chinese pupils. School officials in some areas do not seem to care about identifying the needs of new immigrants. One principal in San Antonio, reflecting Anglo prejudices against Mexican-Americans, told a Chicano leader that "it doesn't really matter whether you have your wetbacks or your older Mexicans [meaning Mexican-Americans]. They all speak English pretty badly."

New York's school system, like the schools of most cities, has no accurate count of first-generation immigrant pupils. Estimates range from 100,000 to 250,000. Statistics reveal only how many students are classified as black, Puerto Rican, Oriental, and white "others." Thus, the child of a Haitian immigrant from a French-speaking home is simply classified as black. An Italian immigrant child is lumped together with white "others." The influx of a relatively small group of immigrants, the Italians, demonstrates how difficult it is to make an accurate count. Approximately 8,000 Italians (out of a total annual immigration to the United States of more than 20,000) have settled in the New York area each year since 1968. The Immigration Service knows how many children arrived, but no one knows how many of the immigrants have had new children. There is virtually no follow-up—by social scientists or social-service agencies—on immigrants who enter the country legally.

Attempts to gauge the impact of illegal immigration on the public schools are on even shakier ground. Attitudes vary widely in different parts of the country. The New York City Board of Education flatly refused a request from the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service that students be required to produce proof of legal residence. "We're only


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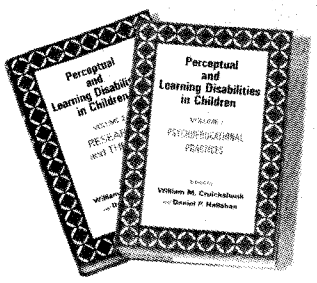


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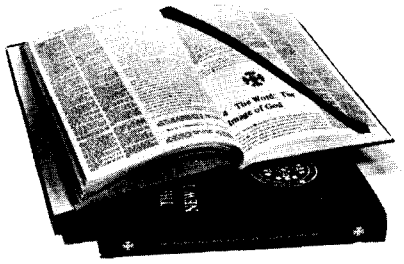

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taking a view that makes sense in light of American history," says board member Steve Aiello. "That is, a lot of people who enter the country illegally will be here until they die. If their children are born here, the children are American citizens. You don't solve the problem of illegal aliens by refusing to educate their children." In other areas of the country—especially in the Southwest—school authorities encourage their staffs to turn in illegal immigrant youngsters to the Immigration Service. As a result, Mexicans in southern Texas are frequently afraid to send their children to school.

The new immigrants—like native Americans—have much higher educational aspirations than do most of the immigrants who arrived at the turn of the century. Even the most desperately poor immigrants want their children to go to high school because they recognize that a dropout has limited earning power. And immigrants with modest blue-collar jobs often want to send their children to college; they take advantage of free community colleges that did not exist in most cities when the old immigrants arrived. The new emphasis on education creates a greater culture shock for some immigrants. When a recently arrived immigrant child goes to college, the process of assimilation, which used to be spread out over several generations, is condensed into one generation. "If my family had come here 100 years ago," says Domenica Banca, "I would probably be married by now."

The rising ethnic consciousness of Americans is an important factor in the educational experiences of new immigrants. In January 1974 the Supreme Court handed down a significant decision directing the San Francisco School Board to provide adequate instruction for pupils of Chinese descent who are not competent in spoken or written English. The Court noted that there were at least 2,800 Chinese pupils with severe language disabilities but that only 1,000 were receiving any special English instruction. The decision was based on narrow legal grounds, and the justices may not have realized the potential implications for millions of immigrants and native Americans with language problems. Justice Harry Blackmun, in a concurring opinion, stressed:

> . . . The children with whom we are concerned here number about 1,800. This is a very substantial group that is being deprived of any meaningful schooling because they cannot understand the language of the classroom. . . . I merely wish to make plain that when, in another case, we are concerned with a very few youngsters, or with just a single child who speaks only German or Polish or Spanish or any language other than English, I would not regard today's decision . . . as conclusive. . . .

This decision, along with several broader lower-court decisions, should have a significant impact in all cities with large numbers of non-English-speaking students.

Because the immigrant is an "invisible student," some excellent programs developed by individual schools have gone unnoticed and starved for funds. At New York City's John Jay High School, which has Greek, Italian, Arab, Dominican, and Haitian students, teachers went into immigrant homes and provided English instruction for parents along with the children. The home visits cost only $1,000 a year per family (in many instances the family included 10 people), but money for the program was cut off until it attracted publicity in a foundation newsletter.

What happens to immigrant students when the American Dream fails to materialize at school? Johnny Lo, the Chinese boy who has been unable to learn English, is more tolerant of the schools than most Americans would be. He has four younger brothers and sisters, and he feels they will succeed because they were younger when the family arrived in the United States. His mother, Frances, a seamstress in a garment factory, is worried about her son's future but is proud because her 14-year-old daughter has passed the highly competitive examination for the Bronx High School of Science. "I am told that the science school my daughter will attend is one of the best in the country," she said. (Her daughter acted as an interpreter.) "They say it is better than some schools that cost thousands of dollars. Maybe when my husband learns a little more English, he can get a better job and Johnny can stop working. Then he could concentrate only on his schoolbooks. But for us, the work is already worth it. Perhaps we came too late for Johnny, but our younger sons and daughters can be anything they want. Lee wants to be a doctor; none of our children could hope for that in Hong Kong."

For immigrant families like the Los, both the heartbreaking fantasy and the satisfying realities of the great American school myth are constant, if contradictory, facts of life. ☐


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# Schools That Make a Difference

by James Cass

Ever since 1966, when James S. Coleman and his colleagues published their massive study, *Equality of Educational Opportunity,* one of the most controversial questions in education has been whether schools can make a difference in the academic achievement of students—especially the poor and the non-white. The Coleman report found that the factors usually associated with "good" schools appeared to have no appreciable effect on student achievement. What did appear to make a substantial difference was family background—the socioeconomic level from which children came and the nature of the student body characteristics children brought with them in the first place.

Subsequent studies and practical experience with a variety of compensatory and remedial programs seemed to substantiate Coleman's findings. However, one uncomfortable fact remained: Some schools were far more effective than others in stimulating achievement among disadvantaged youngsters. More recently, studies have been undertaken to identify those factors that make the difference. The results, though still tentative, clearly suggest directions in which schools can—and should—move in their efforts to serve the poor and the dispossessed.

About a year ago New York State's Office of Education Performance Review (State Capitol, Albany, N.Y. 12224) published a study called *School Factors Influencing Reading Achievement: A Case Study of Two Inner City Schools.* The two schools selected for the study were compared in terms of a variety of factors. In the better school, for instance: 98 percent of the students were black or Hispanic, 99 percent of them were eligible for free lunch, they were drawn from families with a median family income of $7,800, there was a pupil-teacher ratio of 33 to 1, and the building was utilized at 103 percent of capacity. In the less effective school: 88 percent of the students were black or Hispanic, 90 percent of them were eligible for free lunch, they were drawn from families with a median income of $8,031, the pupil-teacher ratio was 28 to 1, and the building was utilized at only 76 percent of capacity. In the more effective school, 40 percent of the students were reading at or above grade level, while in the less effective school the figure was 20 percent.

The study found that the more effective school placed special emphasis on the teaching of reading and had developed a plan for dealing with the reading problem. Although reading instruction did not differ materially in the two schools, the teachers in the better school displayed a more positive attitude. In the less effective school, teachers tended to attribute children's reading problems to non-school factors beyond their control and "were pessimistic about their ability to have an impact," an attitude that led almost inevitably to a self-fulfilling prophesy.

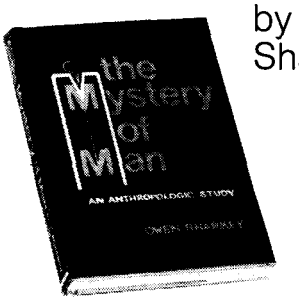
Earlier this year the Research Department of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia (Philadelphia, Pa. 19105) released the results of a much broader study of the factors affecting school achievement in the schools of Philadelphia. This study also challenges some of the long-held assumptions about factors that contribute to the academic effectiveness of schools. For instance, the general physical facilities of schools were found to have little to do with the quality of students' learning. "More or less playground space, more or less crowded science labs, a new or an old school building . . . seem to make little difference when achievement-test scores are the measure of the student's output." Similarly, the education of teachers beyond the BA, their scores on the National Teachers' Examination, and the correspondence of teachers' and students' race all appear unrelated to student achievement.

Most important, however, is the finding that school resources do not affect all students uniformly. For instance, all types of elementary-school students do better if they are taught by teachers who graduated from higher-rated colleges, if they are in a school with a 40 to 60 percent black student body, if they are in classes of 33 or fewer, and if the student body includes more high-achievers. Low-achieving elementary-school students, however, do better if they are in classes of fewer than 28 students and if they have new, younger teachers. All types of junior-high students do better in schools that are part of elementary schools and if they are in classes of 31 or fewer. Under-achievers in this group benefit from younger English teachers and from a larger number of high-achievers in their classes. All high-school students do better if they are in smaller schools, where dropouts and disruptions are less of a problem. But under-achievers at this age level respond particularly to English classes that have fewer than 27 students as well as to a small-school environment.

The many other findings of the study indicate that school resources are more effective when they are targeted to the types of students that will benefit most. Family background and socioeconomic level do have an effect on student achievement. But, as the study points out: "Perhaps educational studies have failed to uncover the effective accomplishments of schools because few school inputs consistently benefit all students." □


The Mystery of **MAN**

by Owen Sharkey

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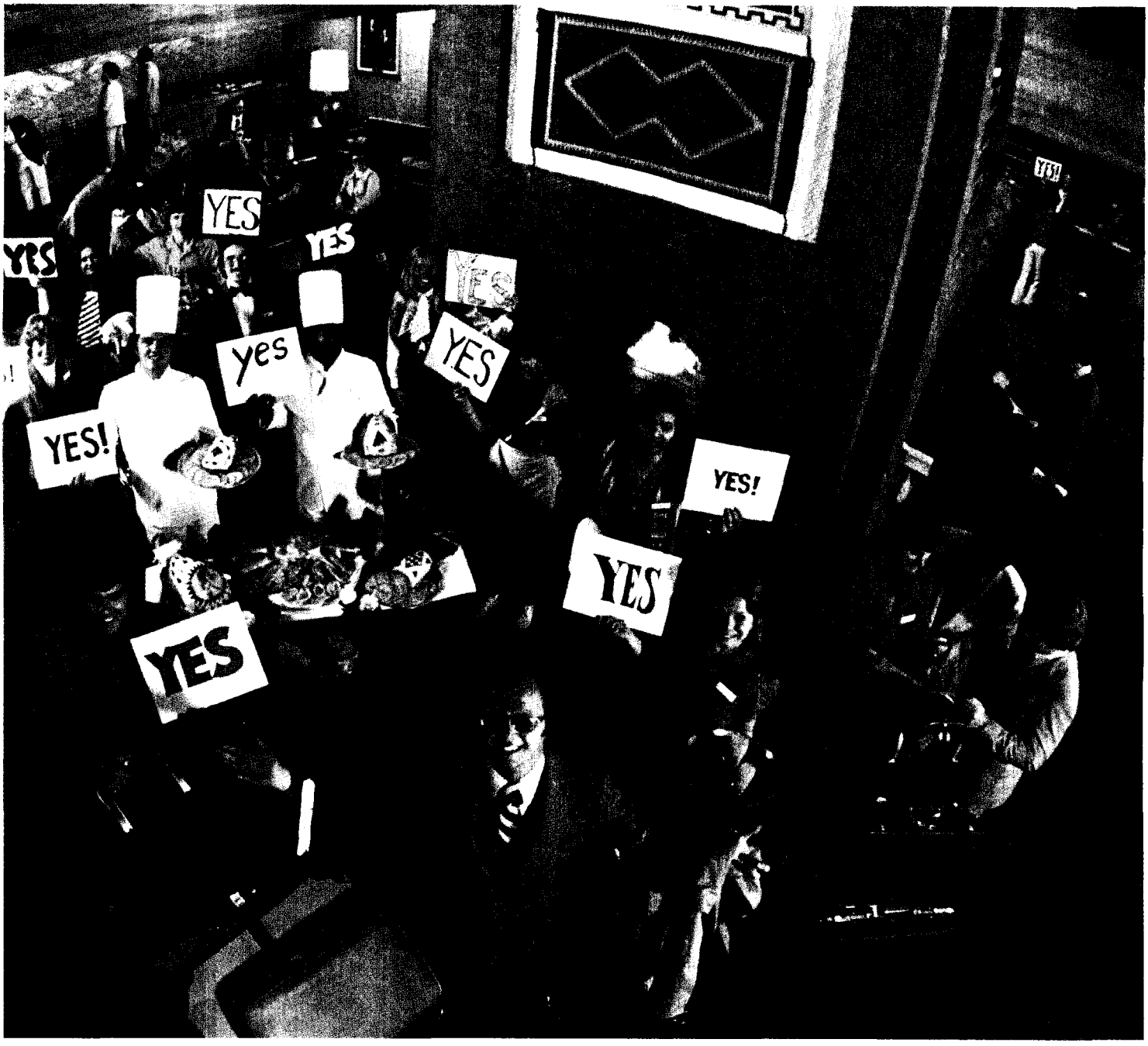


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(**Police Logic:** *continued from page 13.*)
whether the exclusionary rule allows a grand-jury proceeding to use evidence seized in violation of a citizen's Fourth Amendment rights. The Supreme Court agreed with the two lower courts that the search was illegal but reversed the lower-court decisions. It refused to apply the exclusionary rule to grand-jury proceedings and decided, in essence, that the police may use the fruits of an illegal search as the basis of grand-jury questions and indictments. To put the implications of the decision in their plainest terms, the police may break into a citizen's home or place of business without a warrant or other legal justification, search the place completely, and use whatever they seize as a basis for calling the citizen before a grand jury and securing an indictment against him.

This evidence cannot, for the time being, be used in a criminal trial, and Mr. Justice Powell was quick to point out this fact in the majority opinion. But anyone who has been indicted or questioned by a grand jury knows that the consequences —even without a trial—are far from insignificant. In spite of these consequences, the Court allowed the use of the illegal evidence. What is striking and frightening about Powell's opinion is that it makes no mention of the possible loss of judicial integrity which results from a court's use of illegal evidence.

Perhaps this omission is part of a general governmental amnesia about integrity, to which Watergate attests. Or perhaps it is part of a conscious effort to purge from the legal doctrine the strongest roadblock to eliminating the exclusionary rule. In either case, a majority of those charged with interpreting the Constitution have managed to ignore a central principle of law and judicial integrity, stated most tersely by Mr. Justice Holmes in 1928: "If the existing code does not permit district attorneys to have a hand in such dirty business, it does not permit the judge to allow such iniquities to succeed."

Taken together, the *Robinson, Gustafson,* and *Calandra* cases substantially enlarge police prerogatives and diminish the privacy of citizens in their cars, their homes, and their places of business. Great claims have been made for the use of civil suits against the police for illegal searches, but such suits are extremely difficult to win; and leaving the citizenry with no other remedy than civil suits means, in Justice William Brennan's words, that "officialdom may profit from its lawlessness if it is willing to pay a price."

The short-term practical effects of these decisions unfortunately do not end the tale. Indeed, this tale may not have an end, for the dissenters in these cases—Justices Marshall, Brennan, and Douglas —served notice in strong terms that a dangerous shift in ideology has taken place. It is rare to find a Supreme Court justice saying, as Mr. Justice Marshall says in his *Robinson* dissent, that the majority's "examination into prior practice . . . is not only wholly superficial but totally inaccurate and misleading." There is more here than mere doctrinal disagreement.

NOTHING ABOUT THESE very difficult and delicate problems of reducing crime and ensuring privacy merits an attack upon policemen, their integrity, or their individual motives. More so than is true of our jobs, their jobs are caught between the contradictory demands of law and order. They work at a most difficult and generally thankless task. In order to survive in the police bureaucracy and in the public favor, the policeman must demonstrate that he can catch criminals, prevent crime, and be an authority figure in a society in which no one knows how to do these things. And he must wade daily through the seamiest situations on behalf of the public. In the words of Paul Chevigny, in his book *Police Power*: ". . . The police are a godsend, because all the acts of oppression that must be performed in this society to keep it running smoothly are pushed upon [them]. . . . The police have become the repository of all the illiberal impulses in this liberal society."

But there is definite cause for alarm when police logic becomes more persuasive in the lay and legal minds than are the principles of liberty embodied by the Bill of Rights. Forty-five years ago Ortega y Gasset wrote that it is foolish to imagine that the police are always going to be content to preserve order as defined by the government: "Inevitably they [the police] will end by themselves defining and deciding on the order they are going to impose—which naturally will be that which suits them best." It is this deference to police discretion that is becoming characteristic of the Supreme Court. It is up to the rest of us to bring this trend to a halt while it can still be done. □


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H.S.
*In town—The Market, Santo Domingo.*

*Upcountry—The pleasure park at Casa de Campo, near La Romana sugar mill.*

# The Dominican Dawn

by Horace Sutton

There was a day when Havana sparkled with lights, glittered with sequins, and moved to an irrepressible rhumba beat. Hemingway was in frequent residence at La Floridita, where the Moro crab and the frozen daiquiris, made to order with custom-squeezed limes, were of international repute. As an alternative choice, La Zaragozana, that venerable temple, was only a step away, and, of course, there was always a small restaurant in a sunlit plaza for black beans and rice sprinkled with onions and a dash of vinegar. One went in the night to the extravaganza called El Tropicana, where the floor show was more often on catwalks in the trees than on the floor. No place in the sybaritic world was a better approximation of that loose and lively Fitzgeraldian life of the French Riviera than Cuba's Varadero, barely an hour's ride away.

When the curtain came down in Cuba and the lights were dimmed in Havana, San Juan seemed the logical replacement. It was palmy, West Indian, warm, and Spanish, and it soon became the sanctuary for displaced Cubans, as well as for a few of Havana's best restaurants. But the epicenter of displaced *Cubano* life proved, in the long run, to be Miami, not San Juan, and Puerto Rico itself, so popular in the Fifties and Sixties, fell on hard tourist times, beset by commercialization, overpricing, spotty service, failing hotels, and, lately, political unrest.

The sun-and-sea set moved on to other places not beleaguered by those problems, but the sequined mantle worn by Havana remained in storage, unclaimed. Lately, however, there are stirrings that a new contender, the Dominican Republic, itself only a little more than a decade away from the dark night of Trujillo tyranny, may, after all these years, make a serious bid to be the Cuban replacement. It has many of the basic requirements that Cuba, aside from Varadero, never developed. Santo Domingo, the capital city, the city of Columbus, which skulked for so many years as Ciudad Trujillo, after the dictator's self-aggrandizing name, could well develop as a latter-day Havana, hopefully carefully pruned of old Havana's seamier aspects. There is the broad seaside avenue, named after George Washington, to remind one of Havana's Malecón. There is the rank of internationally flavored restaurants along the sea and at least one, Lina, in the center of town, which some gastronomes say is of world rank.

The hotels, so badly needed, are on the way. Sheraton has signed a multi-million-dollar contract to build. The Loews hotel group, which left Puerto Rico two years ago, is rushing to finish part of its 320-room Dominicana Hotel in time for the meeting of the World Bank in May. With its terraced rooms overlooking the Paseo de los Indios, the old Indian walk, Loews Dominicana will be ready for a full grand opening by fall. By then its seven restaurants will be purring, and so will its 300-seat nightclub. A walkway from the hotel will lead to the convention center, guests will be perched on the bar stools built into the landscaped pool, and 1,000 guests will sit down at one time in the ballroom.

With future operations planned in the Puerto Plata area on the north coast, where a major international jetport is already underway, the Loews group is working in the opposite direction from Gulf & Western, a wing of the giant American conglomerate that holds burgeoning interests in the Dominican Republic. With a stunning resort already in place near its sugar holdings at La Romana on the south coast, bordering the Caribbean, Gulf & Western, pushing ahead on a similar fast schedule, is hustling to finish its new Hotel Santo Domingo in the capital. Designed in colonial style and looped with two-story arches, the Santo Domingo will have 220 rooms, some of them ready by May, the rest in December.

Gulf & Western has also bought, and dusted off, the old Hispaniola, next door. To be operated in tandem with the new hotel, the Hispaniola's remodeled 165 rooms (at a modest $24 to $29 a day for two, European plan) are now available.



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One can add to that the new Lina Hotel, which emerged out of the success of the restaurant (Lina Aguado was originally imported from Spain by Generalissimo Trujillo), and such similar small-hotel establishments as the 72-room San Geronimo and the Comodoro. One of the most interesting projects of all is the Hostal Nicolás de Ovando, a handsome restoration in the old town, named after the officially accredited founder of Santo Domingo. (Some sources award that honor to Bartholomew Columbus, who relocated the early Spanish settlers from the north to the banks of the Ozama River, which flows beside the old city.)

A HIGHLY BUFFED GEM of Spanish colonial design, the Ovando will be run by Inter-Luz Hotels of Spain. With its tiled floors, see-through glass portals, brick columns, beamed ceilings, as well as a palmy little pool hanging over the river, the hotel will be the centerpiece of an ambitious restoration of the entire old city. Handicraft shops with showcases filled with amber beads, pendants, and earrings are already installed in the ancient thick-walled houses of La Atarazana, the colonial quarter. Those who come to contemplate the Alcázar, the old house of Diego Columbus, and the cathedral where Christopher Columbus's bones are said to repose (Seville and Havana also claim the honor) can stop by the Fonda de la Atarazana for curried goat in wine, Dominican southern fried chicken (their term), and rice and black beans (ah, shades of Havana).

The development of La Atarazana opens a whole new facet of Santo Domingo, a counterpoise to the ultra-modern cultural complex of the new city built over the last nine years on land that had once been marked off as the private preserve of General Trujillo. The handsome National Theater, which opened in 1973, has played everything from African folkloric ballet to the Milwaukee Symphony. The cultural plaza, wall to wall with the American Embassy, is ringed by the National Art Museum, the Museum of the Dominican Man, the Natural History Museum, and the library, all new.

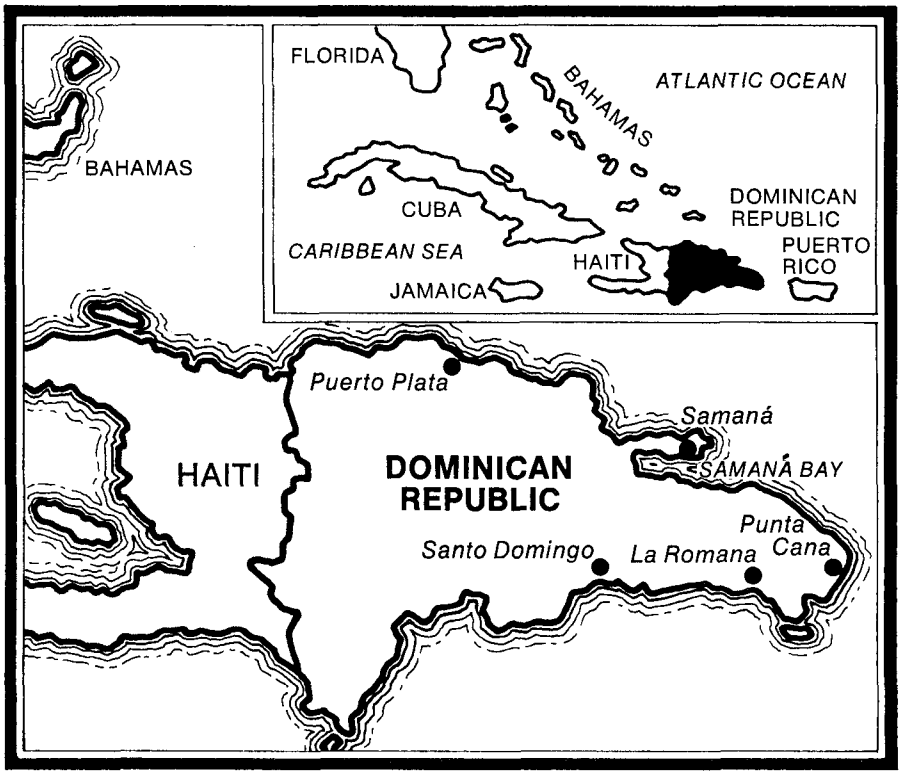
With all that cultural fare, Santo Domingo can provide, as well, the epicurean sophistication of a string of restaurants laid out along the edge of the Caribbean Sea. At Delmonico a steak *flambé* is still only $5, and the house specialty, a combination of beef, chicken, and pork, a modest $5.50. Karin's, next door, cooks with German accents, whereas *its* neighbor, La Parrilla, specializes in grilled meats served on wooden tables looking out on George Washington Avenue and the sea. Vesuvio, with tables indoors, outdoors, or "*servicio en su auto,*" insists its Italian fare is comparable to its scenery. Carimar, big and handsome, done in red brick and wood, barbecues over charcoal on its seaside terrace and serves lobster, at $5 to $8 (or about a third the New York price), eight different ways. To add to the bonhomie, strolling trios meander up and down the boulevard, pausing to strum in the restaurants.

The most daring, ambitious, and handsome resort yet to spring up in the hinterlands has to be Gulf & Western's Costasur, a new and collective name for a sprawling pleasure-land that adjoins the giant sugar plantation at La Romana. The company town, a little more than an hour east of Santo Domingo, adopted its name from the old-fashioned scale used by the South Puerto Rico Sugar Company to weigh cut cane. The company had laid out the plantation on inexpensive land, which it bought in 1915. The mill, built two years later, as well as all the real estate, a vast expanse of 270,000 acres, both developed and wild, was bought in 1967 by Gulf & Western, the combine that also owns Paramount Pictures.

While expanding the refinery—it now employs 18,000 people and produces 330,000 tons of raw sugar a year—Gulf & Western also revamped the company inn which, like the town (and the scale), is called La Romana. Styled by William Cox, who had done the face-lift of Boca Raton, that salt lick once restricted to the purebred, La Romana with its 77 rooms, albeit bang across the street from the humming sugar mill, proved such a success the management was moved to press ahead with further development.

In short order Pete Dye, the golf architect renowned for devilish construction, was brought in to build the first golf course. Seven of its holes play along the Caribbean Sea, a shoreline more often lined with sharp-pronged coral (called "teeth of the dog") than with velvet sand. No matter. Dye's creation is already considered one of the handsomest in the world. Inevitably, it is compared with Pebble Beach.

At this stage, Charles Bluhdorn, the chairman of Gulf & Western, arranged a meeting between Alvaro Carta, director of La Romana's sugar interests, and Oscar de la Renta. Carta, a Cuban who had arrived in Florida with the great exodus, knew how to run a plantation. De la Renta, who had been born in Santo Domingo and had been packed off to art school in Spain, emigrated to America in 1963, where he became a blazing success as a dress designer. He was eager to return to his own country, which he




Bob Pelletier



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had avoided during the Trujillo years, and Carta urged him to come back and to add his sense of style to Gulf & Western's resort program.

Staying at the revamped company guest house across the street from the mill, with only a pool to swim in, de la Renta borrowed Carta's helicopter, discovered a beautiful, palm-lined, sugar-sand beach called Bayahibe, and bought it for the company. He also began to import his friends, a trendy set of designers, theater people, and that nether social cabal that can be café or blueblood. The home he built in 1970, a year after the golf course opened, was such a masterpiece of tropical design and imaginative taste that de la Renta's guests were inspired not only to lodge with him on holidays but to build their own villas or buy condominium apartments.

The first real hotel on the property, Casa de Campo, a rambling spread fitted around the golf course, is a low-register example of the resort life Costasur has in mind. The double-deck, wood-frame buildings are covered with tin roofs painted a dull red. Sugar cane supplies much of the landscaping, the spray of green stalks often dappled with the bright blue of morning glories entwined among the stalks. With the new golf villas, more modernistic and sharply angled than the country-house style of the frame buildings, Casa de Campo has room for perhaps 500 guests.

De la Renta's own house, and, one suspects, even the public salons at Casa de Campo, show the influence of Oscar's voyage to Thailand some years ago. While his mission was to buy Thai silk, a brilliant art that had been revived after the war by James Thompson, de la Renta was fascinated by the compound of upcountry Siamese houses that Thompson had bought and then had assembled on his riverside property in Bangkok.

The lofty ceiling of the wood-frame dining room at Casa de Campo is decorated with a vividly hued Indian tent. The bar is a two-story centerpiece covered with thatch. A latticed gazebo has been placed at a convenient turn in the pathway, and although there is a dark nightclub and the semblance of a front desk, there is no lobby, an oversight the management seeks to rectify.

One can repair to the golf club for a snack lunch—fried plantains are the favorite nibble—and two new restaurants are underway to avoid the tedium, and the overflow, of the lone dining room. One will overlook a man-made lake; the other is an elaborate establishment in a refurbished manor house near the Romana River to be run by Charles Chevillot, a restaurateur of interesting credentials. The scion of the family who owns the Hôtel de la Poste in Beaune, in the heartland of Burgundy, Chevillot made a *succès fou* of his downtown New York hideaway called La Petite Ferme, highly favored by Seventh Avenue society. Ultimately, yet another restaurant will be built, this one on stilts on the heights above the Chavon River, a jungle stream where wild parrots fly low-level sorties over the fishermen who have come to lure the snook and tarpon.

A master plan calls for two more golf courses, one strung along the Chavon River heights. The first phase of an enormous tennis club that will ultimately mean 40 courts and 500 tennis apartments is already finished. Between homesites and condominium apartments, the ultimate living space in 15 years will be 10,000 units. Even at that, no more than one-quarter of the 7,000 acres set aside for the resort will be developed. And even that parcel of real estate is only a bare fraction of Gulf & Western's 270,000-acre holding.

Far out on the eastern end of the island, labor lawyer Theodore Kheel has developed the Punta Cana Club on a white sand beach facing Puerto Rico. The two-dozen rooms rent for $30, single, and $42, double, a cottage for four, $80 (MAP). At Samaná in the northern precincts, President Joaquín Balaguer has undertaken the reconstruction of a small town. Up in the loftier heights of the cool Constanza Valley there are inexpensive inns that bear names like Nueva Suiza (new Switzerland). Finally, there is the major plan for the Atlantic beaches near Puerto Plata.

Price, politics, and people are among the main ingredients of any place that seeks to market itself as a playland. In an inflated world, the Dominican Republic is an enclave that still gets by on yesterday's prices. The politics are at last stable, and the people, unaffected by visitors and high-pressure tourism, are perhaps the secret ingredient that makes this island nation so ingenuous. There is still no hotel school, and training will be important, but if everything else holds in place, there are great days acomin'. □

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# World Environment Newsletter

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## The Useful Concept of Net Energy

It is endlessly astonishing how an apparently obvious idea with long antecedence and many current applications can rather suddenly burst on the public consciousness. Such an idea is (or soon will be) that of "energy accounting" applied to energy technology itself: How much energy goes into producing what output?

The oilman, of course, knows that it costs a lot more to drill a well to 6,000 feet than to 300 feet, which was the average depth of wells in Pennsylvania a century ago. The industry is applauded when it returns to wells previously worked to obtain figuratively "the last drop" by new and expensive technologies. But these costs have rarely been translated into energy required not only to bring the oil to the wellhead but also to transport it, refine it, and get it to the consumer. Only after these energy costs have been subtracted do we have the net—or usable—energy. It would be of more than passing interest, for example, to know the net energy to be expected from the North Slope of Alaska, rather than the gross energy in barrels of oil.

The calculations are much more difficult when the technologies are new and untested, such as coal gasification. As new sources of energy are investigated, it becomes more apparent that some—such as oil shale and oil sands—may require energy inputs higher than the output obtained. This has generally been stated in terms of excessively high costs, but it can be more usefully stated in energy terms as a low or minus net.

The most complex energy accounting may be required in the nuclear power industry, where the fuel (uranium) must in most cases be enriched at enormous expenditures of energy and the consumption of energy in the construction of reactors has only begun to be calculated. The various costs of getting rid of spent fuel and obsolete reactors are almost invariably ignored. Now, Britain has been shaken by a study showing that the planned expansion of nuclear power will consume more power than is generated. Although each new reactor will produce a net gain in energy, it will be insufficient to cover the energy requirements of stations under construction. Thus for many countries, years may go by before nuclear energy reduces dependence on foreign energy sources.

Today, even without significant nuclear-power growth, the British have just discovered to their surprise that the largest consumer of energy in the United Kingdom is the energy industry.

Almost everywhere, and certainly in the United States, increasing amounts of energy are being consumed to produce a given quantity of energy. It is clear to many that this decline in net energy will continue indefinitely, with profound consequences for our dedication to growth. Unless there is an unforeseen technological breakthrough, even solar energy will not provide a way out; the energy costs of capturing and storing significant quantities of solar heat will be enormous.

The new discipline of energy accounting is providing another push toward a "steady-state" economy.

## *Global Report*

**Hyderabad, India**—The high dam, modern symbol of power and fertility, has often exacted harsh social costs: displaced people, water-borne disease, increased danger of earthquakes, and many other kinds of environmental disruption. Now scientists here at the National Institute of Nutrition have discovered another grim cost.

A significant proportion of young people, especially males, growing up in the vicinity of the Nagarjunasagar Dam south of here, are suffering from a crippling bone disease causing knock-knees so deformed that some victims cannot walk. The cause is a copper deficiency of complex origin. Seepage from the dam has led to higher levels of subsoil water and to a consequent increase in soil alkalinity. This has altered the chemical balance of sorghum. For those existing almost entirely on sorghum, it has meant a high intake of molybdenum and a resulting high rate of excretion of copper. Only the poor are affected, because only the poor rely on sorghum as the staple of their diet.

**Winter Harbour, British Columbia**—With the blessing of the provincial premier and major conservation organizations, the 80-foot *Phyllis Cormack*, alias *Greenpeace V*, is being fitted out here in preparation for "non-violent harassment" of whaling fleets in the North Pacific. Earlier *Greenpeace* missions were designed to prevent nuclear tests.

Manned by an international crew and equipped with advanced electronic gear, the vessel will be at sea during May and June, possibly joined from time to time by other boats. When a whaler is sighted, volunteers will take off in inflatable boats with 50-horsepower outboard motors and try to place themselves physically between the hunter and the hunted.

"Project Ahab" also intends to make hydrophone recordings of whales during the hunt. During more placid moments, the crew hopes to converse with whales, using experimental techniques of communication.

**London**—To the surprise of many, the United Kingdom has been importing sperm whale oil at the rate of nearly 12,000 tons a year. Though Britain has ceased whaling, banned the importation of most whale products, and supported a global moratorium on whaling, this baffling compromise with presumed principle has continued.

The London branch of Friends of the Earth has launched a drive to persuade the government to alter its policy and has marshaled persuasive evidence that the sperm whale is more seriously threatened than the International Whaling Commission avows. Friends of the Earth is also trying to persuade the U.N. Environment Program to organize an international cetacean convention to supersede the IWC. But its spokesmen do not explain how a convention would be any more successful than the existing majority in the IWC in persuading the Soviet Union and Japan to accept a whaling moratorium.

**Manchester, England**—Great Britain has always been more sanguine about the dangers of lead than has the United States. The official attitude has been that the amount of lead absorbed through the lungs from inhalation of exhaust gases is tolerable and that reduction of lead in gasoline should not be carried to the point of reducing engine efficiency.

Now studies here and in Birmingham suggest that children may be ingesting altogether unacceptable amounts of


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lead in urban dirt adhering to sticky foods, such as candy. The average concentration of lead in dust in Manchester is 970 parts per million and is remarkably uniform over wide areas. The supposition that significant amounts of this lead-laden dust are being eaten would explain the abnormally high concentrations of lead in the blood of some children who are not otherwise exposed—as, for example, to lead paint. Though expert opinion differs on the hazards of breathing lead, there is no dispute about the damage that can be done to the brain and the nervous system when it is eaten.

**Los Angeles**—What is the world's largest individual prize? It is the John and Alice Tyler Ecology Award, which carries a stipend of $150,000. The winner this year is Dr. Ruth Patrick, chairman of the board of the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia and for 40 years a student of water pollution. Her studies have centered on algae and ways of expressing the water quality of river systems.

# Brazil and Her Neighbors in Amazonia

Brazil is in the process of developing its first comprehensive anti-pollution law at the federal level. Except in a few cities, such as São Paulo, pollution may be the least of Brazil's environmental problems. The hazards of massive development of the Amazon basin have received worldwide attention, but damage to natural resources does not stop there. Some items:

- In the state of Paraná, west of São Paulo, soil erosion is so bad that some towns are in danger of being completely isolated by impassable gullies. It is estimated that in the last decade 5.3 billion cubic meters of soil have been washed away, and thousands of square miles of land have been eroded in this one region.
- Off the coast of Bahia, trawlers using bottom nets to catch turtles are killing hundreds of tons of fish by destroying their spawning and feeding grounds. Besides ravaging the marine environment for the sake of shell trinkets, the trawlers are also endangering the subsistence of line fishermen.
- The state of Ceará, in the far north, is being turned into a desert, according to the magazine *Veja*, as Brazilians cut down 250,000 acres of forest each year, mostly for firewood. Six species of trees are said to be on the verge of extinction, and six others are becoming rare.

Meanwhile, troubles multiply in Amazonia. What with hostile Indians ahead of the road-builders and ferocious erosion behind them, the Transamazon Highway may never be completed. All work is currently stopped. The offer of free land has attracted not 100,000 families, as expected by this time, but fewer than 5,000, many of whom have been immobilized by disease. The head of the Laboratory for Tropical Medicine at the University of Brasília believes that colonization of Amazonia will lead to the spread of tropical diseases to the entire population. The Brazilian agronomist and plant physiologist who heads the National Research Council's Humid Tropics Program in the Amazon Region declares that, far from helping to feed the world or even Brazil's own soaring population, the region will do well to provide food for its own settlers. So few colonizers have been attracted that it is now official policy to open Amazonia to large agribusiness corporations and to increase the size of land holdings from 7,500 to more than 200,000 acres.

The one promising development is that the Brazilians are learning that they must understand the region before they can "conquer" it. The illusion of the jungle's massive fertility is dead. Comprehensive research in a dozen disciplines and technologies is now centralized at Humboldt City in the heart of Amazonia. It is just possible that the more the Brazilians learn, the less attractive the prospects for development will become.

While world attention has focused on Brazil's exploitation of Amazonia, the development efforts of other nations sharing the same river basin have been largely overlooked. Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Venezuela are also searching for riches and *lebensraum* east of the Andes, though development has not progressed so far. All have found oil in their Amazonian regions. The Andes are becoming laced with pipelines, most of them about 500 miles in length and crossing the mountains at elevations up to 11,000 feet. The largest is under construction in Venezuela, with a capacity of 500,000 barrels a day.

Columns of smoke from flaring oil wells in eastern Ecuador turn to haze that drifts for miles across the Amazon basin. Some scientists speculate that the particulate matter in this haze is serving as nuclei for condensation, which may explain the radically increased rainfall in the region recently.

Two-thirds of Peru lies in the Amazon basin, and the government is planning to spend $365 million on development projects there. According to the *Andean Times*, the aim is specifically to counter Brazil's influence in the region. Sixty percent of the budget is for road-building; the balance will be used for agricultural experimentation and development. A major effort will be made to encourage colonization and to make the settlers self-sufficient. Meanwhile, expansion of the lumber and livestock industries is accelerating. This year 24,700 acres of forest are to be turned into meadowland for cooperative ranching. No provision has been announced for the more than 200,000 Indians who live in the area and hold claim to more than half of the designated tract.

The Colombians fully share their neighbors' optimism about the riches of Amazonia. "The Amazonian basin," reads a government publication, "has a virtually inexhaustible supply of water for hydroelectric power, untapped forest reserves, rich mineral resources, coal deposits, immense undeveloped tracts of land for farming and cattle raising, and great potential for colonization and tourism." So far, little of this promise has been realized.

In Colombia's Amazonian region of 140,000 square miles, there are only 17,000 people and few roads. Neither farming nor logging has been successful, but the government believes that a part of the Putumayo River basin alone could sustain 10 million head of cattle. Colombians are also attracted to the possibility of damming the Caquetá River to form a lake the size of Lake Ontario for transportation as well as hydroelectric power.

The Amazonian regions of the Andean nations are by no means all tropical rain forest; yet their soils and flora show similar fragilities. The territories will no doubt be developed out of necessity and at great cost, but with uncertain rewards.

## *FOOD DAY*

Thursday, April 17, is Food Day—an effort to focus attention on poor nutrition and "junk foods" in this country, with the global food crisis as a secondary concern. The project has been organized by the Center for Science in the Public Interest (1785 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) in cooperation with other groups, national and local. The center has suggestions for citizen action to get better food to the poor, in school lunches and on food-store shelves.



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# Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

## Neighborhood

The phone rings.

"Are you doing anything?"

"I'm reading."

"Oh, good, I need a favor."

"Yes?"

"Well, Ellen is coming in on the 5:15, and I am in the middle of hanging some pictures, and since you're not doing anything, I wonder if you can pick her up for me."

"Who's doing nothing? I said I was reading."

"Well, the book won't run away."

"Neither will your pictures."

"Come on, pal. These are important pictures—new portraitized photos of the kids. Just like oil paintings."

"This is a very important book. Mine. It is in page proofs. It is returnable to the publisher in four more days . . . And did you really say 'portraitized,' you barbarian?"

"Hey, please, pal. I want to have them on the stairway wall by the time Ellen gets back."

"Why? She will only take one look and want them on a different wall."

"Look, boy: I didn't phone to ask for your silly comments on my family life. Will you put down that silly book and get Ellen for me?"

"On the assumption that a man reading is an idle man? Suppose I had the wrenches out and was unclogging a drain? Suppose I were on the roof, caulking the soil pipe?"

"This is different."

"What's different?"

"You're just reading."

"You're just hanging 'portraitized' suburban cartoons of your brats."

"Cartoons? These are beautiful: I paid an arm and a leg. Just wait till you see them."

"I see them already—in, alas, my mind's eye. Comment: 'Now that's what I call a real family—of apes.' "

"Now calm down, calm down. How long have we been close neighbors?"

"I'll flip you to see who moves."

"You mean you really won't get off your duff to pick up Ellen for me?"

"Item: I am reading, which is to say I am at work. Item: Ellen can take a cab. A cab from the station only costs me a dollar. It will only cost her 75 cents because she is too cheap to tip. Item: I'll give you 75 cents when I see you. Hell, I'll give you a dollar so you can show a profit. Now may I get back to work?"

"But you know Ellen won't take a cab when she's expecting to be picked up."

"Then let her walk; it's only seven blocks."

"So you won't go—even though you're doing nothing."

"You and your marzipan photos are doing nothing; I'm reading. At least I was."

"Well, I guess I know what kind of friend we've got in you."

"The kind that switches off the shortwave set when he gets an SOS from a mud puddle."

I hang up.

THE PHONE RINGS.

"This is Ellen. Is Judith there?"

"No. At least her car isn't here. I'm upstairs in my study."

"Will you see if she's downstairs, please?"

"Ellen, if she were downstairs, her car would be here and she would have picked up the downstairs phone. You know the hounds of hell could not keep you or her from picking up a ringing telephone."

"All I want you to do is look."

"Ellen, this is a huge house on four levels. There is no need to search it. The evidence is conclusive, and I have work I must do."

"What work?"

"I am reading."

"And is that why you refused to pick me up at the station?"

"If you were not picked up at the station, it was your stupid husband who refused to put down his stupid 'portraitized' blowups of your stupid brats."

"No more stupid than your brats, if you care to know."

"Who *cares* to know? That knowledge is imposed upon me. But at least I don't go around getting my stupid brats 'portraitized.' "

"You just wait till you see them. They brighten up the whole rec room."

"I thought your oaf-in-residence was hanging them on the stairway wall."

"He did, but I want them in the rec room."

"Tell him I-told-you-so, and that he could have picked you up and saved all that extra work."

"Oh, he picked me up, thank you—and no thanks, thank you."

"Look, honey, if I get him a beautiful job in, say, Libya, would you two move there?"

"Don't be rude."

"Ellen, baby, I don't want to be anything but ponderous and lonely, with time to get my proofreading done in time to get the pages back in time for the publisher to publish in time to earn me some royalties in time to buy you a rhinestone-covered bagel for Christmas. Is that asking too much?"

"Well, I must say it wasn't exactly a huge, painful favor he was asking of you."

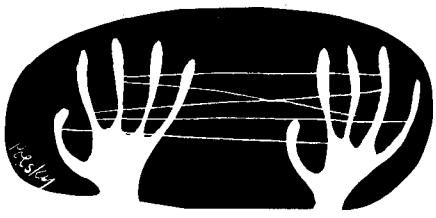
"He was only asking me to give up my work so he could putter at hanging pictures, knowing from years of experience that you would want them hung somewhere else as soon as you got one look at them."

"You were only sitting around reading."

"Ellen, we are going to have to have an affair. Aside from your body, there is no possible reason for knowing you."

"Reason? We live next door."

"Yes, I remember now. That should make the affair easier to manage. How about under the apple tree at midnight?"



"Would you really tear yourself away from your reading?"

"I can give you exactly 30 minutes for the introductory offer."

"But you wouldn't give 15 minutes to meet me at the station."

"Be serious: What could we do in 15 minutes?"

"So all right, I forgive you. But tell Judith to phone."

"I'll tell Judith to phone. I refuse to be forgiven for insisting that my reading is more important than your ape-man's puttering."

"I think you're lousy. What sort of friend are you?"

"I am not a friend. I am a rejected lover who cannot set fire to your house unless I hang up."

I hang up.

The phone rings.

I do not answer. □



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# Double-Crostic No. 70

**by Thomas H. Middleton**

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 M | 2 D | 3 X | | 4 K | 5 B | 6 L | 7 E | 8 Q | 9 Y | | 10 F | 11 Q | | 12 Y | 13 M | 14 H | 15 L | | | | | | | | | |
| | 16 A | 17 U | 18 I | 19 C | 20 X | 21 K | 22 Z | | 23 X | 24 M | 25 Q | | 26 N | 27 F | 28 X | | 29 K | | | | | | | | | |
| 30 R | 31 C | 32 Q | 33 E | 34 Y | | 35 F | 36 U | | 37 M | 38 H | 39 W | | 40 J | 41 N | 42 A | 43 O | 44 T | | | | | | | | | |
| 45 W | 46 R | 47 S | 48 B | | 49 P | 50 W | 51 N | | 52 D | 53 X | 54 W | 55 B | 56 P | 57 O | 58 A | 59 H | | | | | | | | | | |
| 60 C | 61 X | 62 M | 63 N | | 64 H | 65 F | 66 P | 67 D | 68 A | 69 U | 70 B | 71 X | | 72 X | 73 S | 74 V | 75 C | | | | | | | | | |
| 76 D | 77 K | | 78 X | 79 A | 80 J | 81 C | 82 M | | 83 H | 84 I | 85 V | | 86 C | 87 V | 88 D | 89 O | 90 R | | | | | | | | | |
| 91 T | 92 A | 93 W | 94 S | 95 H | | 96 N | 97 D | 98 G | 99 B | 100 X | 101 Q | 102 Y | | 103 R | 104 T | 105 V | | | | | | | | | | |
| 106 W | 107 D | 108 J | 109 B | 110 E | | 111 H | 112 I | 113 V | 114 C | 115 L | 116 Y | 117 G | 118 T | 119 F | | 120 M | 121 D | | | | | | | | | |
| 122 R | 123 Y | 124 V | 125 B | 126 W | | 127 E | 128 G | 129 Z | | 130 N | 131 D | 132 U | 133 R | 134 G | 135 H | 136 O | | | | | | | | | | |
| 137 T | 138 F | 139 M | 140 G | 141 Z | | 142 R | 143 O | 144 T | 145 N | 146 P | 147 D | 148 H | 149 I | 150 J | | 151 J | 152 Q | | | | | | | | | |
| 153 C | 154 Z | 155 H | | 156 M | 157 R | 158 G | 159 N | | 160 Z | 161 V | | 162 I | 163 V | 164 G | 165 F | 166 E | | | | | | | | | | |
| 167 K | 168 P | 169 Y | 170 J | 171 L | | 172 E | 173 X | 174 U | 175 G | | 176 G | 177 N | | 178 U | 179 P | | 180 I | | | | | | | | | |
| 181 R | 182 G | 183 U | | 184 O | 185 Z | 186 F | 187 D | 188 S | 189 Y | 190 U | 191 I | 192 B | | 193 L | 194 U | | 195 R | | | | | | | | | |
| 196 Z | 197 P | 198 Q | | 199 S | 200 J | 201 I | 202 Z | | 203 T | 204 V | 205 E | 206 H | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Greek poet (522?–443? B.C.) | 16 42 58 68 79 92 |
| B. On or toward the lee side | 192 5 55 70 99 109 125 48 |
| C. Primitive weapons | 60 81 114 153 19 31 75 86 |
| D. Branch of astronomy dealing with the mapping of the heavens | 88 107 121 131 147 52 67 97 187 2 76 |
| E. Film comedienne (1894–1930, *Barney Oldfield's Race for Life*) | 110 127 166 172 205 7 33 |
| F. Critical moment (2 wds.) | 138 165 186 10 27 35 65 119 |
| G. Apologetic | 134 98 117 128 140 158 164 176 182 175 |
| H. Nitrous oxide (2 wds.) | 206 14 38 59 83 135 148 64 95 111 155 |
| I. Overcast, gloomy | 162 18 180 191 201 84 112 149 |
| J. Curved like a bow | 150 170 40 80 108 151 200 |
| K. Flip, fresh | 4 21 29 77 167 |
| L. Costumes for Hightower, Tallchief, etc. | 193 6 15 115 171 |

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. Ruthless | 120 139 156 1 13 24 37 62 82 |
| N. Consequences | 130 177 26 51 63 96 145 159 41 |
| O. Blue coloring matter obtained from certain lichens | 43 57 89 136 143 184 |
| P. Monodies | 56 66 146 168 197 49 179 |
| Q. Field where James IV of Scotland was killed | 11 101 152 198 8 25 32 |
| R. Clerical (3 wds.) | 46 195 90 133 181 142 122 30 103 157 |
| S. Second crop of grass or hay in a season | 188 47 199 73 94 |
| T. Dept. in Vivarais, southern France | 137 203 44 91 144 104 118 |
| U. Extremely wicked | 174 183 36 132 17 69 194 178 190 |
| V. Range in Italy; highest peak Monte Corno | 163 87 105 74 113 124 161 204 85 |
| W. Maxwell Anderson play (2 wds.) | 45 93 126 50 106 54 39 |
| X. Hustler, go-getter (2 wds.) | 3 23 71 61 53 72 28 173 78 100 20 |
| Y. Sets up for use or service | 189 116 9 12 169 123 102 34 |
| Z. Trifling circumstances or matters | 22 160 154 185 129 196 141 202 |

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 69* appears on page 61.



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# Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

## Language Padding

I'm still getting letters from people who want me to come out strongly against that arch-villain of modern conversation, *ya-know*. Usually, the request goes something like, "Can't we put a stop to the sheer idiocy of people whose whole conversation consists of *ya-know*?"

No, we can't.

*Ya-know* will fade away—in fact, is now fading away—all by itself. It will never die out entirely, of course, but it is already being replaced by another bit of conversational Styrofoam. These phenomena are an inescapable part of language, I think. To try to put a stop to them is like trying to stop the winds or the waves.

In my early youth, the general function of *ya-know* was served by *well*, or *well, um*, as in "Gerard and I went down to the store and, um, when we went in, well, um, the man asked what we were, um, doing and, well, um," and so on.

I remember reporting as a child on something in school. I said something like, "Well, in this book . . . ," and the teacher interrupted to say, "Tommy, a well is a deep hole in the ground, so when you start a report by saying 'Well,' you're putting yourself in a hole."

I think, though it may be wishful thinking, that even at that age I considered that a pretty inane remark. But it made its point and rendered me tongue-tied for quite a while.

When I regained sufficient self-confidence to speak again, the *wells* and *well, ums* had been intimidated from my speech.

Years later, I picked up *ya-know?* It seems to me that the *ya-know?* that studded the speech of the early Forties was different in character from today's *ya-know*. Back then, it was always a question—not a question that demanded an answer, of course, but its inflection was always interrogatory. Today, more often than not, *ya-know* is a casual statement of unremarkable fact, often with the emphasis on the *ya*.

My father broke me of the *ya-know?* habit by responding, "No, dammit, I *don't* know," often enough to make me conscious of the fact that I was saying it. This remedy for *ya-know* couldn't be universally successful, because, on the one hand, not many people can say, "No, dammit," with my father's arresting choler, and, on the other hand, not every *ya-know*-sayer is as receptive to that sort of questioning as I was. These days, the average questioner might well get an undeleted expletive for his pains.

During the confused, confusing, frustrating late Sixties and early Seventies, we got *like, I mean*, and *ya-know* in various combinations, including *like-I-mean-ya-know*. I suspect that this excess of conversational padding came in response to the needs of young people whose convictions were based on a puzzling complexity of factors pervaded with galling frustrations and could not be glibly articulated.

I'm sure it's been much more than a year since I've heard *like-I-mean-ya-know*. It seems to have yielded to *y'unnerstan'* and *okay*. I don't know whether or not *okay* has gone national yet, but I predict that if it hasn't, it will, because it now clogs the conversations of young people in both northern and southern California, and for the past few years, unless the news media are mistaken, California has been the trend-setter.

*Okay* has a strange new role. It goes more or less this way:

"We're talking with Valerie Mallory here. Ms. Mallory is a spokesperson for a group called Extra Sexory Perceptions. Can you tell us something about your group, Valerie?"

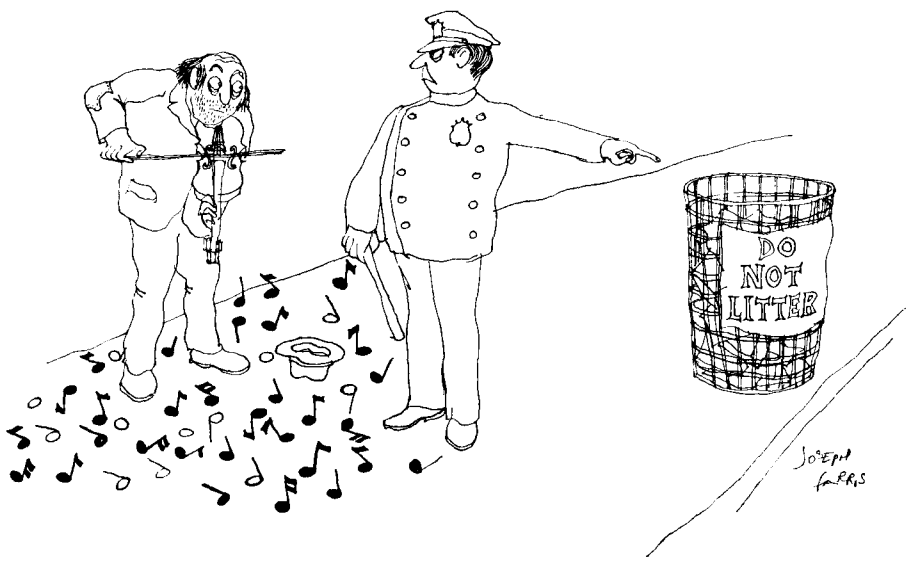
"Okay. Extra Sexory Perceptions is actually a factual reality, okay? Okay, it's based on the foundation of heightened consciousness, okay? We feel that once men and women have—okay—transcended their basic biological functions, okay?" And so on.

In recent months I've heard earnest young adults, explaining what have been introduced as important new ideas, pad their discussions with so much okay?-okay kapok that my receiving apparatus has got jammed and I've missed the point entirely.

A few years ago I learned to block out all the *like-I-mean-ya-know* and hear the gist of what was being said. Now I'm back where I started, trying to deal with the new *okay*. By the time I can handle that, something else will come along.

And so it goes, forsooth, i' faith, bejabbers, alors, and there's nothing we can do about it.

Alas. □




Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 32): adept, taped, pated.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 30* (see page 45): Great literature is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree. Ezra Pound

**ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 69**

SYLVIA PLATH:
THE BELL JAR

Nobody wanted a plain English major. But an English major who knew shorthand was something else again. Everybody would want her. She would be in demand among all the up-and-coming young men and she would transcribe letter after thrilling letter.



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# Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

## How to Survive in '75

Once upon a happier time, all a Vice-President had to do when taking office was to raise his right arm, place his other palm on an open Bible, in order to shade his eyes from its verities, swear that he would never confuse VP with VIP, and promise never to put his two cents into government matters. It was a fun job.

Fortunately for our country in these crazy, mixed-up times, we now have a former Vice-President who was propelled into the Presidency and has brought with him some of that fun. After seven grim, humorless years of his predecessor, not a day goes by without a Gerald Ford fun-filled quote.

Example: When he took on the job, he found that the White House swimming pool had been covered over and a press room had been constructed atop it. Mr. Ford quipped to the National Press Club: "There are some impossible things about being President. First they take away your swimming pool, and then they want you to come clean."

Thus he openly and publicly recognizes there is a Washington credibility problem, but with his light touch we are supposed to assume it won't rub off on him. It is no secret that a talented TV comedy writer has been added to Mr. Ford's speechwriting staff.

The administration feels that what this country needs right now, while we are being asked to bite an unpalatable bullet, is a good dose of laughter and a sense of humor that will help allay our apprehensions and soothe the way to a solution of our crises.

I suppose you are now irritably asking, What's there to laugh about with the new Four Horsemen ravaging the world: Inflation, Recession, Unemployment, and Arabia? All right, so you didn't ask. But let's take a cue from Mr. Ford and humorously experiment with some of our domestic woes. Any questions? . . . Yes, Miss, what is your question?

"Why did it take the President so long to get started solving some urgent problems?"

Okay, let's try this for fun size: When he moved into his new office, Mr. Ford spent the first few months exterminating bugs in the Oval Office. He was busily engaged speaking into lampshades: "Testing, one, two, three. . . . This is the President. Do you hear me, Betty? I hope not." And into light bulbs: "Hello, Mr. Brezhnev, are you spying? *Da*? *Nyet*? Only testing." That took weeks of doing. Next question. You, Sir.

"Why did Congress dawdle for two months before confirming Nelson Rockefeller for Vice-President?"

A very complex question. And I will answer it very complexly. As you know, there was a time when a man could amass untold wealth. These days not one cent of a man's wealth can remain untold. And on TV, yet.

Another reason is that to most people the name "Rockefeller" stands for big money. This is not a fair supposition. Any more than it is to judge the name of "Ehrlichman," which is a composite derivation of two German words, *ehrlich* and *mann*, "honest man."

Also, you must have noted that the confirmation of Nelson Rockefeller was made the week before Christmas, the season of goodwill toward oil men.

That groan notwithstanding, I move right along. Also, there were some old-timers in the Senate investigation who fondly remembered the original John D. Rockefeller, founder of the Standard Oil Company. They resented the recent change of the name to the Exxon Corporation. People get naturally suspicious when the head of our biggest corporation has to sign his name with two *x*s.

Okay, any other questions? That young man there.

"Thank you. I've been wearing this WIN button for some time. But inflation is still with us. What shall I do with this button?"

Please . . . President Ford said WIN stands for "Whip Inflation Now." Some have said WIN stands for "Where Is Nixon?" And backwards it answers: "Not In Washington." Personally I don't believe we can button down a roaring inflation with a pin.

I have space for one more question. Yes, Madam?

"The mayor of New York City wanted to lay off 265 policemen. But the PBA, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, worked out a deal where all the members of the force would work five days in high crime time without pay. As the wife of a policeman, don't you think that's unfair?"

Well, Madam, although I am not the wife of a policeman, I am against laying off anybody. This is a time for governments to create more jobs. The original plan to lay off 265 members of the PBA was abandoned when it was learned the plan would have a terrible impact on a related business, the MBA—Muggers' Benevolent Association.

At a hastily called meeting of the MBA, it was decided to lay off 265 muggers. With 265 fewer policemen on the streets to protect them, citizens would be fearful of going out. The MBA felt there was no need for so many muggers when there were so few muggees.

So, as the President says, it helps to survive if you can see the fun side. So let's say you're looking for work, or buying a dollar loaf of bread, or filling your gas tank, and you're trying to think up something humorous to say about it.

It's fun, isn't it? . . . Like fun it is. □

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"BEHAVIOR CONTROL--A FIRST VIEW"

Guest:

Dr. Robert Michaels,

Chief of Psychiatry, New York Hospital.

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review/World, Inc. moderated by

Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

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AUSTRALIA. Authentic information is freely available WITHOUT CHARGE from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate-General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

MEN! WOMEN! JOBS ON SHIPS. American, Foreign. Guide $3.00. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 225W, Springfield, Va. 22150.

ASSISTANT TO DIRECTOR Freedom House; even without broad editorial, promotional, administrative experience, must be willing to acquire it; resume to 20 West 40th St., N.Y. 10018.

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EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1750-R, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

DIRECTOR—OUTWARD BOUND SCHOOL. Candidate should have: past management experience in planning development, fund raising, marketing/public relations, budget/finance, and strong planning abilities. For job description, write: Outward Bound Search, 165 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

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WRITER/EDITOR wants steady employment in writing, rewriting manuscripts in the humanities. SR Box 920.

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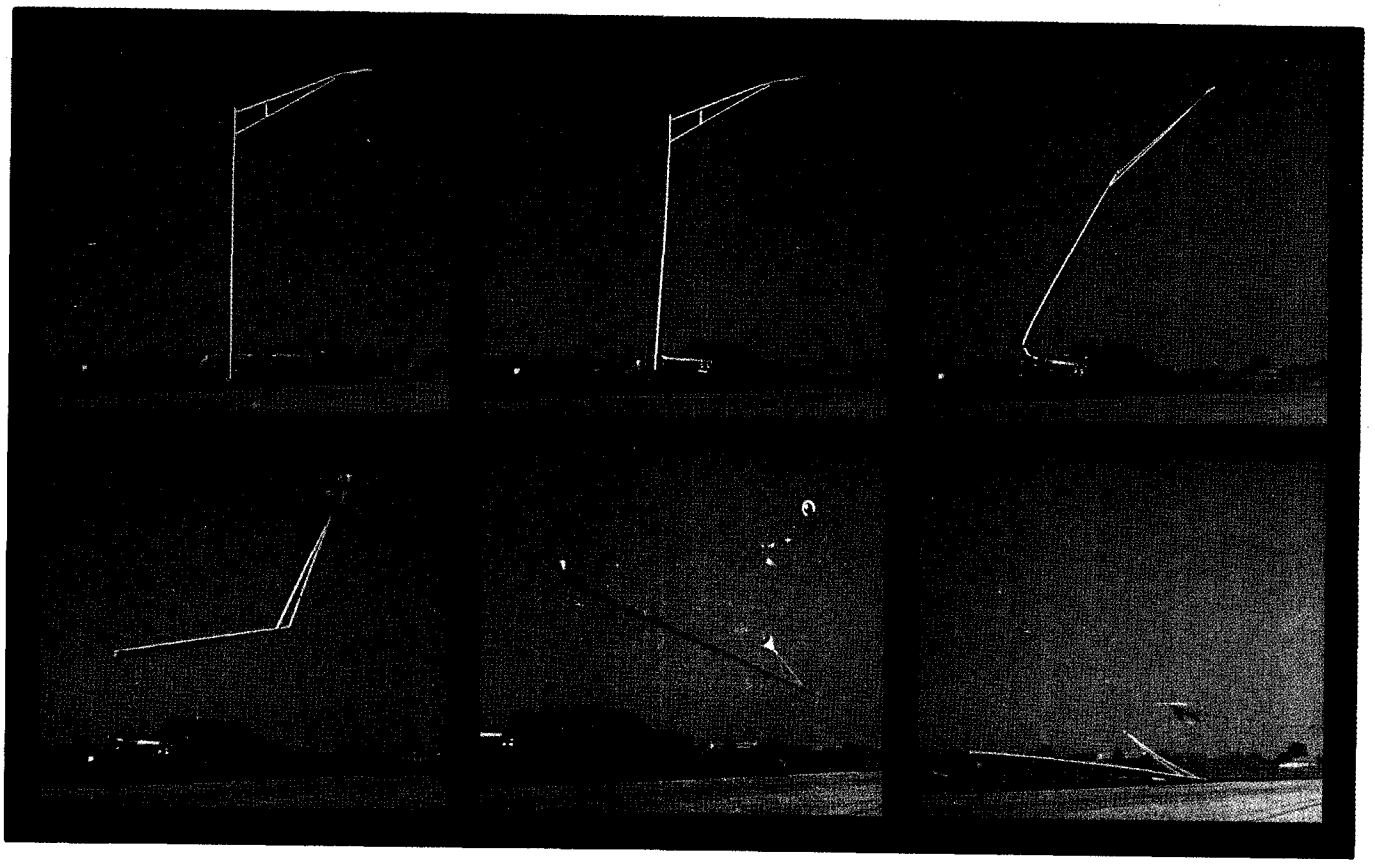

# Aluminum takes the beating. Not you.

**For 20 years Alcoa has been developing aluminum highway products to help save lives and tax dollars. Products like aluminum light poles, signs, sign structures and bridge railings are well suited to the rigors of our nation's highways. Because they *require a minimum of maintenance.* Because they can save lives.**

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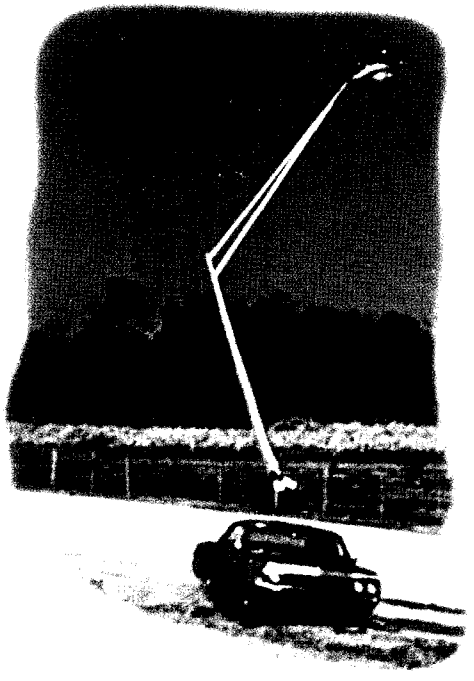

there are secondary pluses. They're light, durable and easy to handle and maintain. In addition, there is aluminum's high scrap value and its ability to be recycled at the bargain rate of five percent of the energy originally required to produce the molten metal from the ore.

No wonder recyclable, low-maintenance aluminum products help reduce the cost of highway maintenance.

If you would like more information on recyclable aluminum, write for our brochures. We're Aluminum Company of America, 983-D Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

**The reasons for using aluminum *are found in aluminum itself.***

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